The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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CHRISTMAS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Lo! Christmas is coming, the jolly old fellow,
With cheeks like two apples, so rosy and mellow,
His eyes have the merriest, cunningest twinkle,
And though he is old as the hills, not a wrinkle
Is seen on his face, but the wrinkles of laughter,
For hope goes before him and mirth follows after.
His hair, like a snow drift, flows over his shoulder,
So white and so frosty our faces grow colder
At sight of his locks; but the Summer that lingers
Deep down in all hearts, at the clasp of his fingers
Comes up in its splendor, till all the glad hours
Are crowned like a May-queen with sunshine and flowers.
His nose is a Grecian, his ankles are Russian,
His toys come from Paris in spite of the Prussian,
He has castles in Spain, but pure English his speech is;
Thus over all Europe his glad empire reaches.
And yearly he crosses the mighty Atlantic
To set all young souls in America frantic
With joy in his gifts, and with love of his jolly
Old face, and his head trimmed with cedar and holly.
And see what a budget he bears on his shoulder,
As fat as a pigeon, and big as a boulder,
All bursting with treasures the richest and rarest,
A toy for the youngest, a ring for the fairest,
A smile for the saddest, good health for the oldest,
A purse for the poorest, a cloak for the coldest;
With knives, tops, and marbles to fly like a rocket
From Kriss Kringle's pack to each boy's empty pocket;
With birds that can warble, and dolls that can chatter,
No mother's own darlings are fairer and fatter;
With ribbons and bows, and with bonnets so charming,
But small in their size, yet in price most alarming;
With chains and with jewels, none ever were richer,
Show them to a girl you are sure to bewitch her;
With the tiniest watches to tell how time passes;
With charms for the ladies and love for the lasses;
With kisses in candy, and far sweeter kisses
From the lips of the lads to the lips of the misses.
And thus over hill top and plain does he trudge it
With fun peeping out from the top of his budget;
The merriest, cheeriest, kindest old limb he
That ever came into a house by the chimney.
So hang all your stockings and set every table,
For Christmas has gifts for you all, and is able
To tell all your wishes, his pack is full laden
With just what is wanted by lad and by maiden.
Spring out of your beds ere the Christmas sun rises,
Your stockings are bursting with pleasant surprises,
Your trees have born fruit, if in fancy thou starvest
For things rich and rare, here's a plentiful harvest.
And here for the boy who has earned a harsh sentence,
Is a switch with no fruit save the fruit of repentance.
Here's a present for all from Grandma to the little
Young charmer, who knows not a jot or a tittle
Of what Christmas means, but who heeds not our laughter,
He will know when a Christmas is coming hereafter.
Let us welcome old Christmas with music and singing,
Set all our tunes playing, and all our bells ringing,
With joy in our hearts and with mirth on our faces,
'Till frolicsome pleasure all care from us chases,
Deck out all our tables with flowers and mosses,
With jolly fat turkeys and cranberry sauces,
With wondrous mince pies cut in generous sections,
And a great Christmas cake flanked with fruits and confections,
With mighty plum-puddings, and all things inviting
That girls like the taste of and boys take delight in;
For hearty old Christmas is this much a sinner
He loves a full plate and a welcome at dinner;
And cold is the heart that can fail to remember
The old friend who brings us back Spring in December.
Three cheers, then, for Christmas, the kind-hearted fairy!
So fat and so merry, so nimble and airy;
Be his pack always full, and his eyes always shining,
And long may he keep his old fancy for dining;
Be his hand always warm and his smile always sunny,
His voice always cheerful, his face always funny;
May he always keep youthful though old grows the nation,
And bring the old joy to each new generation;
And when Time grows hoary may he still keep mellow,
Forever the same jolly, happy old fellow.

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

When evening came and Milly did not return, Mrs. Gresham began to be anxious, but sat hoping to see her arrive each instant, and one of the servants by way of reassuring her told her that the young lady had stayed out rowing one evening fully as late when her aunt was spending the night with an old acquaintance beyond the village.

The landlord and his wife happened to be out driving and did not return until after nine o'clock, and there was nobody to do anything to ease her fears until they came. By that time Mrs. Gresham was in a great state of excitement, but they assured her nothing worse than losing her way could have happened to Miss Crofton. Mrs. Gleason was certain she had gone up to the glens, and the landlord prepared at once to set out with some men in search of her.

So Mrs. Gresham sat in her room and waited as composedly as she could; luckily the anxiety brought back the old neuralgic pain in her head, and she had to let kind Mrs. Gleason work over her when she returned to tell her that her husband had started on his errand.

"There's another lady out, too," the landlady said, "a Mrs. Dow, I think she got here this afternoon—I dare say the two have met—they'll be back safe enough in less than two hours."

While the landlord was making his arrangements to go, a gentleman who had reached the hotel earlier in the evening offered himself as one of the searching party, saying that he knew both ladies, and they set forth.

It was Mark Lasley; he had come thither not knowing that Leonie was near. His first impulse when he saw her name on the visitors' book had been to turn back at once, but he found that it would at least be necessary to wait until morning before he could get a conveyance, the man who had driven him up from the railway station, some twenty miles distant, having no intention of attempting the rough hill road before daylight.

Then he learned that Leonie was out and had not returned—was supposed to have lost her way among the cliffs—and it seemed to him that he had been sent there for the special purpose of helping to save her from peril.

He had spent the summer in wandering about in all sorts of places where there was no probability of his meeting her; he would not add to his trouble by seeing her face again.

About a fortnight before he had been in town for a day or two, and one evening as he was leaving some place of amusement where he had sat wondering how the people about him could find any pleasure in the play, whose best points had seemed so vapid to him, he met Paul Andrews strolling along the street, and had been recognised before he could avoid him.

"I wanted to see you," Andrews said; "I would have written to you, only I didn't know where you were, and letters are the hardest work I can do. Where are you bound for?"

"Home, and you?"

"Oh, I've a little engagement," Andrews said, laughing and shaking his hand to imitate the rattling of a dice cup.

He looked more worn and dissipated than ever; he had evidently been drinking deeply now, but it had no other effect than to heighten the feverish brightness of his eyes, which struck Lasley as almost like the restless fire of insanity.

"I say," continued Andrews, "you know what I promised you that night you came to my house?"

"Yes," Mark said curtly.

"You were very mad with me—you'd have liked to kill me," Andrews went on; "well, no wonder! But you see I'm not all bad yet—I always was fond of you, Mark! So I went to Newport and she was there—you know who I mean—so was that fellow, but he didn't bother her."

"You saw her?" Mark asked, eager now for news.

"BARRINGTON DENIES IT TO THE DOCTOR'S FACE."

[SEE STORY ON FIFTH PAGE.]

"Yes; I talked with her—what a glorious woman she is! I told her what I had promised you to do. She loves you, Mark—I know that. Look here, old fellow, I'll help you both in some way yet. I've my eye on Yates—he never escapes me! I'll have him—curse him!"

Lasley tried to persuade him to go home, but Andrews only said—

"Don't bother about me—what's the good? I'm gone to the devil; but I'd like to cheat him out of some happiness for you, Mark! When it's all over, you'll remember there was something decent about old Paul, bad as he was."

"There might be a great deal, Andrews, if you would have done at once with the sort of life you lead."

"Why should I?" returned Andrews. "Nobody would believe in me—they'd say I got afraid because I was growing shaky and queer. No, no; I'm gone up—let me alone! I've no place except among the men down in the gambling house—I've given up even a pretence of respectability since that Yates came on."

Mark attempted some further words of expostulation, but Andrews checked him roughly, though without anger.

"That's enough," said he; "don't waste your time. But I'll remember to do what I can for her—I'll help her for your sake, Mark, for I always liked you."

He hurried abruptly away and turned down another street before Mark could speak further.

The next day Lasley went up into the country, and since that had been staying at his place. But the spirit of unrest would not allow him to remain there, and once more he set forth on his aimless wanderings, finding a sort of relief in the fatigue of constant journeys.

And now he was walking through the mountain passes in the misty moonlight in search of Leonie Dormer. It struck him as very odd—as if Fate had arranged the closing act of her tragedy and was gathering the actors together for the culmination.

As Leonie sank down on the ground with one sharp cry of pain wrung from her in spite of her fortitude, Milly was too much alarmed to remember anything except that she was a sister woman and needed help.

"Sit still, she said kindly; "don't try to move."

"What a miserable fool I am," cried Leonie. "I dare say the hurt is nothing."

"I am not sure of that," Milly answered. "Keep quite still and let me try to find out what is wrong."

Milly drew off the boot and stocking as tenderly as possible and examined the foot—Leonie had misplaced one of the little bones in the instep. Milly knew at once what was the matter, for youthful Rob, with the usual ill luck of boys, had met with a similar accident the preceding summer. She explained the nature of the hurt, saying—

"If you will let me, I am sure I can push the bone in place and bandage it—there will be no pain after."

"Oh, I'm not afraid! Can I walk then?"

"Ah, that I can't promise—Rob was not allowed to attempt it for more than a week."

"Fancy a week's sojourn here!" cried Leonie. "Well, I've a bi-cuit in my pocket."

"And I have my luncheon—luckily I forgot to eat it."

"So we may sup if we are roofless—oh!"

Milly did not waste more words; she tore their handkerchiefs in strips; took hold of Leonie's foot and easily pushed back the bone, the operation being slight enough to anybody who could exercise what few people can in the presence of misfortune—a little common sense. Then she bound her bandages neatly over it, took the napkin in which her luncheon had been wrapped, wet it and laid it on the foot, then folded Mrs. Dormer in the plaid.

Leonie had not uttered a word during the whole operation, which was painful enough as I can aver from experience, but when it was all over the relief was so great that she gave a long breath of absolute content.

"Is that better?" Milly asked.

"It is like coming out of purgatory! How good you are to me—and how skillfully you did it."

"Luckily I had to watch the doctor—Rob would not sit still unless I held him."

"I am sure any surgeon would have hurt me a great deal more—men are so awkward."

The pain was sufficiently gone for them to be able to consider their situation. There was nothing for it but to stay where they were; the most unpleasant thing that could happen would be to suffer from cold.

"If you had not been unlucky enough to meet me," said Leonie, "you would be safe home long before this."

"No indeed; I should only be lost somewhere else—at least I am very glad we are together."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do; I am talking seriously now, and would not say it else."

"Then I thank you, and can be as glad as I wanted to that you met me, since you are not sorry."

"We are not going to have rain," Milly said; "the storm has passed by—perhaps the mist will toward moonrise."

"If we were only men we should have matches for our odious pipes and could have a fire."

"Are you cold?"

"Not a bit—I am so wrapped up—but you must be—take part of the plaid."

"Not yet; I'm warm enough. We have chanced on a bed of moss and ferns that keep my feet as comfortable as possible."

"How absurd it all is," said Leonie, and they both began to laugh, and that did them good.

By this time they discovered they were hungry, and Madame's paper of biscuit and chocolate, and Milly's forgotten luncheon did them great service.

"It's better than the choicest supper Delmonico ever got up," Leonie said. "By the way, do you go back to town next winter?"

"No," Milly replied, rather shortly. She had been so softened by her companion's disaster, and so occupied with little plans for making her comfortable, that she had completely forgotten her feelings toward the woman—but they rushed back now, and it needed all her real generosity to keep them in abeyance.

"I used to meet your cousins sometimes at Newport—they said you were with their mother."

"Yes; Aunt Eliza and I stayed at a little place we have."

"Did you like that?"

"Not at first; then my aunt was too ill for me to have time to think—after that, I liked it very much."

"How quiet it must have been."

"I wanted that," said Milly—then, afraid of the manner in which her admission might be interpreted, she added, hastily—"you know one feels so sometimes, after taking care of a sick friend."

"I think it may be; I know so little about sickness—I have been such a useless creature! I never was with anybody except my husband," she added, in a low voice, "but he only lived a short time."

Leonie said no more. Straightway Milly's thoughts rushed into the future. This woman would yet marry Thorman! Well, what were either of them to Milly? At present, she had only to think that she was beside a human creature who needed her help—on the morrow they would separate, and each go her way—Leonie to wait for Thorman, and Milly to take life as it came to her. She was recalled from those quick flashes of thought, by Leonie's saying—

"No, I knew nothing about illness till my husband's death."

"I am sorry, if it was a great grief to you," Milly said, and never remembered how strangely the words sounded until they were spoken.

"It was not a grief to me in itself," Leonie said, quietly; "but it was a very solemn season—it made me think and reflect as I had never done before."

She said nothing more; and Milly did not choose to ask her what she meant. The conversation was assuming a serious tone not agreeable to her; she had no desire to learn anything in regard to Leonie's state of mind or feelings, and certainly no intention of betraying her own.

"The mist is passing off," she said, after a short pause; "the stars are beginning to come out—we shall have moonlight presently."

She rose and began to walk about the little dell in the gloom; Leonie had not noticed her words, but her moving roused her from the revery into which she had fallen.

"Are you cold?" she asked.

"No; I am waiting for the moonlight—it will make the waterfall look very lovely, I am sure."

"How it sings," said Leonie; "I always envy running water—it seems so happy."

Presently the sky lightened—the tops of the cliffs and trees became tinged with streaks of pale, uncertain light that gradually brightened and grew silvery, till at last the moon sailed slowly up over the fleecy clouds, streaming broad and full on the sparkling fall, and turning the little glen into a fairy place, to which the lingering masses of mist made tinted hangings that were too lovely to be expressed by any comparison words could find.

Mrs. Dormer uttered one low exclamation of delight, then was still—it had been so long since in her restless life she had taken time to notice nature's beauties, it was like being suddenly transported into a new world. She glanced toward Milly; the girl was standing in front of the waterfall, leaning carelessly against a tall pine, the moonlight resting full upon her face and upturned eyes, transfiguring them to [illegible] unearthly beauty which only moonlight can give.

Leonie leaned forward and watched her curiously. Was this the creature she had left a spoiled, capricious child—this woman with the solemn eyes and the strange, self-controlled expression to the beautiful mouth—the whole face developed into a lofty type of loveliness, which showed that not only had the soul developed in its full powers, but some terrible and conquered suffering had smitten youth and girlish follies from her heart?

Had the separation from Thorman done all this? Great Heaven, this girl had loved him—really loved! Leonie seldom gave any of her sex credit for being able to love, but when she did, she pitied and admired her beyond measure, and a great sympathy for Milly filled her soul, deepened by a sensation of absolute awe at the expression of her face in the white glory of the moonbeams.

"Milly!" she called, suddenly.

"Are you in pain again?" Milly asked, startled by the tone, and coming toward her.

"No, no; I beg your pardon—this odd experience makes me fanciful and silly! You looked so like a spirit as you stood there that I almost expected to see you float away."

"Ah, you have such a fund of pretty fancies and compliments," Milly answered, coldly.

"I did not mean a compliment—I was just speaking my thoughts—one doesn't often, but surely in this place it is very pardonable to be surprised into it.

"Yes, I think so."

"Are you angry because I called you by your name?"

"I did not notice it."

"It was odd I should have done it—but I used to hear you called so very often."

"Yes, of course; my aunt and cousins—"

"I did not mean them," interrupted Leonie.

Milly felt a hot flash of anger pass over her—she had meant Walter Thorman—how dared the woman make even the most distant allusion to his name!

"Let me wet the napkin again," she said in the most commonplace tone.

"It is not necessary; my foot is perfectly comfortable, and I am as warm as possible! You will freeze walking about—come and wrap yourself in the plaid, and let us lie down and watch the moonlight."

"I am not cold, and so wide awake I could not lie still," Milly replied.

With these thoughts that had risen in her mind she could not go near Mrs. Dormer; her only chance of regaining her composure was in getting down to the most ordinary topics of conversation.

"Please to come," said Leonie; "else I shall think you hate me too much still."

"But since I am not cold!"

"Ah, but I am sure you are—please, come! Well, if you wont, I'll get up and throw your plaid away," exclaimed she with a bewitching willfulness.

There was nothing for it but to make a scene which would render herself ridiculous and be downright cruelty under the circumstances, or to comply with the Creole's wish. So Milly lay down beside her, and Leonie wrapped the plaid carefully about her and let her hand rest caressingly on Milly shoulder, and the touch of the slender fingers sent a chill to Milly's very soul.

"Ah, you are shivering now!" exclaimed Leonie. "You will catch cold and all by my fault—oh, I bring ill luck to everybody that comes near me."

"You will not bring any to me," replied Milly steadily; "in this instance."

"I hope you don't believe I wish to in any other," said she catching the last words. "I hope you don't," she repeated, when Milly did not speak.

"I hope not certainly," she answered, trying to laugh and speak carelessly; but since you say you are so unfortunate as to bring bad luck, perhaps it is lucky for me that we are not likely to meet—if ever we get out of this wood."

"What an odd idea! Not meet—what do you mean?"

Milly had said more than she intended.

"Nothing—like most people! I should have said not soon."

"Oh, that would pain me to believe," cried Leonie impulsively. "I'm such an absurd creature—it seems as if we had been here ever, ever so long here and had grown well acquainted."

She was trying her arts and fascinations, Milly thought bitterly, but Leonie Dormer was powerless to deceive her.

"Are you laughing at me?" Leonie asked.

"Oh, no; I accepted your words as I do your other pretty speeches—they are pleasant to hear."

"But you don't believe them? Oh, that is downright cruel—I did not think you would have been so wicked! I wish I had not let you help me or bind up my foot! I'd rather have died alone than be indebted to a person who can think so meanly as to suppose I would do theatre and lies and pretended gratitude."

She spoke so passionately that Milly was touched; she relented enough to believe that Leonie was serious just for the moment—but there was no reason why she should be deceived by so ephemeral a feeling even if the lady was.

"There is no cause for gratitude," she said, good-naturedly enough; "I shall think you are feverish and be frightened if you use such exaggerated words."

"Oh, you cold northerner!" cried Leonie. "Well, I'm glad my blood is fire! But that is insolent in me after your goodness! You see, I am impulsive still after all my training—if I am to love anybody I do it without warning, and I mean to love you in spite of yourself."

"Even if I had such hostile intentions as you ascribe to me I should have to throw down my arms—you are invincible, you know."

"You will mock! But you do dislike me!"

Milly was silent; she would not tell a lie, and it seemed very rude to tell the truth.

"You have hated me!" persisted Leonie.

"Not at this moment," replied Milly.

"Come, that is better than nothing—a long step gained—I'll be wise and not ask any more questions."

"How did you happen to find this quiet village?" asked Milly, wishing to change the conversation.

"The village that I cannot find, you mean," said Leonie. "Oh, I was tired and bored, and I happened to hear somebody raving about the lake and waterfalls, so the next morning I set off in search of them."

"You came this afternoon?"

"Yes; but how did you know?"

"I did not—at least that it was you. The chambermaid told me another lady had arrived, wondering I suppose to see people so late in the season."

"So we are absolutely living under the same roof."

"When we get back to it—if we ever do."

"Oh, they'll hunt us up," said Leonie with her usual *insouciance*. "Your aunt is sure to be frightened and have you sent for, and my old servant will go mad."

"Poor aunty—I declare it was wicked of me to forget her anxiety."

"We are the heroines—the others must be anxious! What time is it?"

Milly looked at her watch—it was almost midnight.

"I did not think it was so late," said Leonie.

"Hark!" cried Milly, starting up. "There are voices!"

They listened—the cries were repeated, and Milly shouted as loud as possible in return. It was not long before the landlord and his party came down the cliffs, and Leonie ungratefully whispered to her companion—

"I'm rather sorry they found us! I was very comfortable, and we should have got acquainted if they had only left us to play babes in the woods till morning."

As she spoke the words she looked up, and by the glare of the lanterns which shut out the moonlight, she saw Mark Lesley's face and sank back on the grass in silence.

Milly saw him, too, and exclaimed—

"Why, Mr. Lesley, is that you? I believe everybody one ever knew is coming here."

"The gentleman said he was acquainted with you ladies," answered the voluble landlord before Mark could reply, "so he came with us—but what's the matter? Is the other madam hurt?"

"What is it?" Mark whispered to Milly.

Milly explained the nature of the accident, and Leonie said quickly—

"But I am better—I can walk."

"Walk—nonsense!" cried Mr. Gleason. "We'll soon fix a hickory chair for you! Luckily I brought my hatchet along, so that we can cut the branches down and find our way out if we lost the path."

While he and his men rapidly constructed a sort of litter out of boughs, Lesley stood talking with Milly, not once again turning toward Mrs. Dormer. Milly moved away, curious to watch the construction of the chair, and the two were left for a moment alone.

"I am sorry," Leonie said softly, "that you have had so much trouble on my account."

"Are you in great pain?" he asked.

"Oh no—I can bear it very well—it doesn't matter."

He remained silent for a little, then he said—

"I beg you to believe, Mrs. Dormer, that I was not wilfully following you into your retirement."

"Oh, I should not have suspected it," she replied impatiently.

"I will not intrude upon you," he went on; "I could not resist coming when I thought I might be of some assistance, but I leave in the morning."

The lanterns had been carried into the thicket, but she could see his face looking thinner and paler than ever in the moonlight. It was a keen pang to feel how much trouble she had brought into his life—it seemed so cruel of Fate to have forced them to meet again.

"You will do right," she said slowly.

"Of course you think so," he replied angrily. "I know what an annoyance my coming is to you—but don't be afraid—I shall keep my promise."

He would have added more bitter words, but with one long sobbing breath, Leonie's head sank back against the tree at the foot of which she sat, and he saw that she had fainted. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Banishing the Wine-cup.

There is a movement among the ladies, in the upper part of New York, for the exclusion of all wines from evening entertainments. While it is a question, in the minds of many, whether the general use of pure, unadulterated wines would not act as a check upon intemperance, there can be no doubt as to the wisdom and importance of banishing the fluids now generally dispensed as the juice of the grape. They not only tend to, but place a direct premium upon intemperance. In the social glass are hidden the seeds of future misery. There are six thousand places where intoxicating liquors are sold in New York. How many of the supporters of these bars can trace their original fondness for the bowl to the convivial customs of society? This is a question which should be forced home upon the consideration of every social circle. Woman's influence and power for good are unlimited. Man prizes her esteem and regard and he will not openly at least, do that which she may frown upon. If woman wills that fashionable drinking at social gatherings shall cease, it will cease. We therefore hear with no ordinary satisfaction of the proposed movement up-town. Mothers, wives, and daughters, have but to combine systematic efforts against fashionable dissipation, and fathers, husbands, and sons will cease to regard the wine-cup as indispensable to an evening's enjoyment. The ladies of other cities should unite at once in bringing about the desired reform. Now that the states generally have taken ground against temperance enactments, the work of arresting intemperance must be mainly carried on through individual coöperation and effort.

An Inventor.

Restless imagination, or rather vivid and truthful conception, the inventor must possess concentration of mind. "The most successful minds work like a gimlet—to a single point." When a man of genius becomes thoroughly possessed of one idea, overpowered by it; when he ponders over it by day and dreams of it by night; when he sacrifices health, wealth and contentment to the one hope that is wearing him away, his body growing feeble, his brow wrinkled, his family as well as himself destitute, pinched by hunger and cold, yet with all this will not give up his seemingly fruitless pursuit, we may well suspect that there is something in it. Thus Palissy, the potter, spent sixteen years of his life in anxious experiments on enamel. He had fixed his mind on that. He had conceived an ideal that he felt must be realized. We read the story of his sufferings, and feel that the final triumph was no sufficient compensation for trials like these. What can be the divine madness that seizes on a man and will not let him go till he satisfies the demon, performs his allotted work, and sinks into the grave wearied of a life without rest or ease? Palissy built and rebuilt his furnaces, burnt his clay day after day, year after year, in vain, mixed it with various ingredients, and covered it with ever-varying preparations, only to meet with one disappointment after another. His wife and family frequently wanted food and clothing. His neighbors suspected him of sorcery, and began to look upon him with terror: still the furnaces smoked on. His friends remonstrated; his wife expostulated; there was talk of insanity and confinement.—When his last workman left him, he had no money, and had to give for wages the few clothes he had left and not actually in wear. He had now to work alone, to prepare his clay and colors, and jealously watch his furnace. His wood was all consumed one day, just when a vase, on which all his hopes were centred, was burning in the oven. The fire was nearly exhausted. He rushed frantically to his house, and broke in pieces his chairs and tables, then the door, the window-frames, finally the very flooring, to feed the flames. At last, it was done. The vase was taken out of the furnace bright with the imperishable colors that his imagination had been painting for sixteen weary years. Was it worth while, after all? Not for his own happiness, certainly. But the world's progress is mainly due to men who aim at other ends than happiness. A man must give himself to his art.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Dec. 31, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

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Story by Aimard.

In our next paper, we design commencing a story of adventure by Gustave Aimard—which we think our readers, and especially the boys and young men, will like very much indeed.

RENEWALS.

Subscribers whose terms expire with the present number of THE POST, would oblige us by renewing as early as possible.

We always stop all *club* subscriptions at the expiration of the time paid for.

DELAY.—The celebration of Christmas on Monday, has delayed the mailing of our paper one day to many of our subscribers.

OUR LETTERS.

We make occasional extracts from our subscription letters, as follows:—

B. H., of Farmer's Retreat, Indiana, says:

"I am well pleased with your paper. I think I could not get along without it."

Mr. E. H., of Lebanon, N. H., says of a friend of his:—

"He used to take your paper, but three years ago had his name taken off the list. He says he always regretted it, and must now have his name put on again."

J. S. C., of Coyville, Kansas, says.—

"The longer I take THE POST the better I like it."

Mrs. H. C. A., of Sidney, Iowa, says:—

"THE POST has been our family paper for over 20 years."

Mrs. S. M. G., of Canoe Camp, Penn., in sending on a club, says:—

"I have been a reader of THE POST for several years, and expect to be a life member. I like it better than any other paper I ever read."

Mrs. J. H, of Newark, Ohio, in sending on a club, says:—

"I have taken THE POST for nearly 30 years, and think it improves every year."

S. C. T., of Yorktown, Ind., says:—

"I think THE POST the best paper I have ever taken, and the most punctual in coming. I have taken it nine years, and do not think I have missed getting but two papers. You may count on me as a life subscriber."

S. D., of Allen, Michigan, says:—

"I think THE POST excels any paper I have read—and I feel lonesome without the LADY'S FRIEND."

A. S., of East Arlington, Vermont, says:

"I have taken THE POST so long and it grows so much better, it seems I cannot do without it."

HEBREW CHARITY BALL.

We would call attention to the HEBREW CHARITY BALL, which is to be held at the Academy of Music in this city, on the 25th of January. These balls are held annually, and are quite brilliant affairs. The result being a good deal of pleasure to those who attend them, and a large sum for the benefit of the poor and afflicted.

Dying Rich.

The ship Britannia was wrecked off the coast of Brazil, and had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them, a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel went to pieces so fast that the only hope for life was by taking at once to the boats.

The last boat was about to push off when a young midshipman went back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise, there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him.

"What are you doing here?" shouted the youth. "Don't you know that the ship is fast going to pieces?"

"The ship may go," said the man; "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, but I am determined to die rich."

The officer's remonstrances were answered by another flourish of the hatchet, and the man was left to his fate.

We should count such a person a madman, but he has too many imitators. Men seem determined to die rich at all hazards. Least of all risks do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle, at any moment whatever.

We do not know to whom to credit this But it speaks for itself:

"God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty, and in private thinking—
For while the many, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps."

☞ The eclipse of the sun was seen but imperfectly in the south of England, but was well observed northward, particularly at Wick.

☞ The bill ratifying the vote of the Roman people for annexation to Italy has passed the Italian Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 239 to 20.

☞ The French report that the Army of the Loire has made a successful union, and is now 300,000 strong, and ready for the offensive.

☞ It is reported at Montreal that Sir John Rose is on his way to Canada with a mission from the British Government regarding the Fishery question, and that after consulting with the Dominion Government he will go to Washington, with a view to conciliation and compromise.

☞ The marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne is still the absorbing topic of talk in the social life of London. The Princess has selected seven of the eight young ladies who are to officiate as bridesmaids. They are the Lady Constance Seymour, daughter of the Marquis of Hertford; Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Duke of Argyle; Lady Florence Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Florence Leveson Gower, daughter of the Duke of Sutherland; Lady Mary Butler, daughter of the Marquis of Ormonde; Lady Alice Fitzgerald, daughter of the Marquis of Kildare, and Lady Florence Montague, daughter of the Earl of Sandwich.

☞ At Petersburg, Va., recently, a case came up in which a colored woman charged another with stealing a pair of ducks from her premises. A full complement of witnesses were sworn and testified on each side, and the testimony was so positive either way—as to the ducks in question being the property of both parties that the Mayor was unable to render a decision without reflecting upon the credibility of either one or the other set of witnesses. It was finally determed to settle the matter by having the ducks placed at a point equally distant from the houses of the claimants, and awarding the ownership to the one to whose house they went.

☞ At Chicago, on the 23d, the thermometer marked 16 degrees below zero; at Peoria, Illinois, 20 below; at Bloomington, Illinois, 23 below; and at other places in the same state, from 10 to 16 below zero.

☞ In Chicago, the omnibus drivers make a difference of one cent in the fare between fat and lean people.

☞ "Improved ten-pins" have been invented that set themselves up by a spring.

☞ Men high in public station should heed the great poet's words—avoid the entrance to a quarrel.

☞ The demand for grafts of the Russian apples, lately received from St. Petersburg by the Agricultural Department, has been so great that they have all been distributed, and further applications for them will be useless this season.

☞ In the recent Senatorial election to fill a vacancy in this city, Dechert, (Dem.), was elected by 1,300 majority. The Republicans carried the district in October by 700 majority.

☞ The lecture field—Kate.

☞ In the Cuban theatres, between the acts, the audience has free admission behind the scenes.

☞ A piece of calico a mile long has been made at a New England mill.

I SMILE to think God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness—
Round our restlessness, His rest.

☞ The Boston reporters talk about getting up a new badge, and some one suggests a pump in active motion.

☞ A Dutchman once met an Irishman on a lonely highway. As they met, each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Pat, on seeing his mistake, remarked, with a look of disappointment, "Faith, an' I tho't it was yees, an' yees tho't it was me, an' 't is naythur of us!" The Dutchman replied, "Yaw, dat ish dhru; I'm anuder man's, unt you is not yerself. We po poth some oder podies!"

☞ Every man should stand for a force which is perfectly irresistible. How can any man be weak who dares *to be* at all? Even the tenderest plants force their way up through the hardest earth, and the crevices of rocks; but a man no material power can resist. What a wedge, what a beetle, what a catapult, is an *earnest* man! What can resist him?—*Thoreau.*

☞ Character is a perfectly educated will.

Mr. Sumner and the President.

We take the following from the recent proceedings of the U. S. Senate:—

On the 21st, Mr. Sumner, obtaining unanimous consent of the Senate to make a personal statement, forwarded to the Secretary and had read portions of an article in this morning's issue of the Daily Patriot, of Washington, headed, "Efforts to bring about a reconciliation between the President and Mr. Sumner." The article states that an attempt had been made within the last ten days by mutual friends, to bring about a better understanding between the President and Mr. Sumner, and that after consultation the President was approached on the subject by a distinguished New England Senator. It then proceeded as follows:

"The President manifested a good deal of feeling, and utterly refused to be persuaded that the differences could be reconciled, or even to give his consent to any movement having in view a reconciliation. The good of the party, &c., was earnestly urged, but in vain. The President, in response to all suggestions of 'let us have peace,' replied emphatically that Mr. Sumner had attacked him in the executive sessions of the Senate, that he had spoken bitterly of him publicly in street cars and other public conveyances, and that he had grossly abused him in Boston and during his recent journey West.' The President added, 'That on some of these occasions Mr. Sumner had attributed dishonest motives to him, and if he were not President of the United State he should hold Mr. Sumner personally responsible for the language, and demand satisfaction of him. This startling talk from the man whom the Republicans have almost worshipped as the conqueror of the rebellion, put the peacemakers to flight, for it was plain that the olive branch would not be accepted, no matter by whom tendered. The staff officers about the President share his feelings in the matter, and one of them, General Babcock, is reported to have 'gone so far as to declare that if he were not officially connected with the Executive he would subject Senator Sumner to personal violence.' This whole matter creates a great deal of talk among those who have been aware of its extent and nature."

Mr. Sumner said—If there were any reason to believe that the above statement would be confined to the newspaper in which I find it, I do not know that I should call attention to it; but I was apprized last night, that a statement of this character would be made by telegraph. I was asked to give some sanction to it, but I replied at once that nobody would have any authority from me, nor would I say a word to anybody on the subject; and last evening and the evening before I was approached in the same way, and each time I gave the same answer. I now find the statement as I say, with reason to believe that it is already communicated extensively over the country. I deem it, therefore, my duty, as far as I am concerned, to set this right. In the first place, there is an allegation that Mr. Sumner has attacked the President in executive session of the Senate. I appeal to my associates in this chamber, one and all. I appeal to my friend from Indiana (Mr. Morton,) and I ask him to say to the President simply what he said to me personally yesterday with regard to this allegation. I have never alluded to the President in executive session, except with the most respectful kindness—and I challenge anybody to say to the contray. I have criticised acts of his. As a Senator I was obliged to do it. So much for that. Then comes a generality to which I will not allude, simply on account of its vagueness. I proceed to the next point, reading: "The President added that on some of these occasions Sumner had attributed dishonest motives."

Never! I challenge any citizen of this republic, from one end of the country to the other, wherever I may have been, I challenge every Senator to testify on that point. I know too well his position and my own to make any such impeachment. Then as to what I have said of the President, going back again to this allegation, which is not vague, I have summoned one witness, the Senator from Indiana (Mr. Morton.) I now summon two others, and I hope my voice may reach them wherever they may be—one is the Secretary of State and the other is the Secretary of the Treasury, both members of the Cabinet, and I have this to say—I have said and written to the Secretary of State words of the President and of his acts, as strong at least as any I have ever expressed, in the most private intercourse—I am inclined to think stronger. I have said in the presence of the Secretary of the Treasury the hardest things that I have said of the President, and he knows whether they could in any way justify the imputation. I do not seek in any way to involve those distinguished friends, but I summon them as witnesses. Let them tell the President what I have said of him.

The Senate then proceed with the regular order of business.

Famous Beauties.

The women who exercise the greatest influence on men's lives are not, as a rule, beautiful. Were this idea wrong, we should find nations subjugated and empires freed by the contour of a figure, by the perfection of a face; but this we know is not so; and by mere beauty, so far as beauty means regular features, pencilled eyebrows, raven or auburn tresses, and so forth, every one who has any experience of the world is well aware that very little has been achieved, that few fates are marred, few destines controlled. When, passing through a portrait-gallery, we behold the beauties of bygone times—the belles who made havoc not only with their own reputations, but also with the hearts of their admirers, the toasts to whom men drank deep in the strong wines that were affected in that more muscular age—we cannot help marvelling where the charm lay, what it was which lit up those to us uninteresting features, that swayed kings, that bowed the hearts of warriors, that changed the counsels of statesmen, that brought about rebellions, and wrought all the romance in history. For certainly, as a rule, these women—of whose faces the painters have tried to preserve a record for posterity—are not handsome. No doubt there were much more perfect beauties in those days, concerning whom tradition says never a word, who wondered, as ladies wonder now, "what men can see in that creature with the large mouth, or in that other still more contemptible chit, who is little and insignificant, and who has not a solitary good feature in her face."

☞ The Haytien Minister at Washington, contrary to the general belief, is a white man of English parentage.

THE STORY OF A DESERTED MANSION.

Not far from Morristown, New Jersey, and situated on what is known as the Madison road, may be seen a large and fine house, standing in the middle of extensive pleasure grounds, and, with the grounds, bearing the marks of having been the abode of persons of taste and wealth. The once beautiful park now, however, presents the appearance of having been the camping ground of at least a regiment of demoralized soldiers, so numerous are the traces everywhere of fires, and wanton hacking among the trees, shrubs, and evergreens.

Where once were flower-beds and rare plants, now browse stray cattle; and pigs by the score root to their nose's content in the soft turf of the lawn. On approaching the house, a still more terrible scene of ruin may be found. The hall doors stand wide open, and as the stranger enters several cattle calmly survey him from their comfortable positions on the drawing-room floor. The house is three stories high and surmounted by a cupola. The rooms are spacious and numerous, and were finished in the best possible manner when built. Windows opening to the floor, and consisting of large and valuable panes of glass, oppose little or no obstruction to the cattle and pigs, the former generally taking sash and all with them, when leaving in haste.

On the floor of what has evidently been the library, tramps or mischievous boys have lighted fires, whose flames were fed, from appearances, by the doors of cupboards, stair-railings, and other small pieces of woodwork of the house. In many places the floor has been burnt almost through, and how the house has escaped from fire is a wonder. With carbonized ends of wood hideous and revolting pictures have been drawn upon the pure white walls, together with words of an indecent character.

The plaster centre-ornaments of the rooms have been the mark for the intruders to shy empty bottles and stones at, and all are greatly damaged. Door-knobs, bells and their wires and pulls, water faucets, the paraphernalia of the bath-room, and everything of a like movable nature, have been wrenched from the fastenings and carried away. Window-shutters have also disappeared, though probably burnt as fuel and not taken from the house. Such a scene of rack and desolation can seldom be found within thirty miles of the city of New York. One might imagine such wreck among the desolation of the South, but in the prosperous North it is unparalleled.

The house has its sad story. Built but a few years ago, it passed into the possession of a wealthy New York merchant, who used every endeavor to render it a home of beauty. No expense was spared, and the house and grounds became noted for their appropriate belongings. The mistress of the house, the wife of its owner, unfortunately there sickened and died. The friends gathered to attend the funeral, and the body was borne from its beautiful earthly home to the cemetery. The last to leave the house was its owner, and he, turning the key in the lock, left it just as it was to its fate. The neighbors clamored for days for entrance, but no one was within, and all attempts to persuade its owner, who had gone to New York, to return to it, were unavailing. Attempts were made to rent or purchase it, but to neither plan would the owner accede. *If* sold at all the ground should be sold for a cemetery. On their peril he forbade his neighbors to enter the house.

The thieves of the neighborhood soon found out the rich field, and for nights pillaged it. The constables hearing of this, laid in wait in the house one night, and arrested three men as they were rolling up fine carpets for the purpose of taking them away. The owner, when notified to appear and prosecute the thieves, not only refused to do so, but threatened to prosecute the constables for entering his house, saying that it was bad enough to have three thieves break into a house sacred to the memory of his wife, without having as many constables also therein.

Some friends seeing the peculiar state of feeling of the owner, removed the balance of the furniture to a safe place—and the house remains open to the world. Bad persons congregate there, and the house at night is supposed to be the resort of thieves and robbers.

Some years ago a squatter settled himself in a little gardener's house on the property, and ploughs the land and reaps his crops as if the fee simple rested in him. The owner has refused to notice him or to turn him out. Last spring a certain general in the United States Army offered to buy or rent the property, but not being himself a cemetery, or possessing any of the religious or soothing influences of that locality, his appeal was rejected. On all other subjects the owner is said to be most rational, and carries on a large business with great success. The property is valued at $85,000.—*Evening Post.*

"Can't Rub It Out."

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on his window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out? You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her loving heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

You wished a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out.

All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written in the book of God. Be careful. The record is very lasting. You can't rub it out.

☞ To Publishers.—Another instance of a mistake caused by the title of a book, has just come to our knowledge. Albany Yorke saw advertised Stories for Darlings, and immediately ordered it, feeling that there could be no more appropriate Christmas present for the young lady who is delighted to consider herself *his* darling. He now finds that the book is for "Boys and Girls," so has to look out for another, Dora Wilverton being twenty.—*Punch.*

☞ To travel out of France is frequently sufficient punishment for many French men and women; the Germans are always raving about the Fatherland, and yet they are to be found in large numbers in the most remote corners of the globe; whereas, on the contrary, it must be either a very weighty reason or a very strong bribe that can tempt the generality of our people to exile.—*French writer.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Bach and Beethoven. Third volume of the Tone Masters, a Musical Series for Young People. By Charles Barnard, author of "Mozart and Mendelssohn," "Handel and Haydn," etc. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

Gold and Name. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish, by Selma Berg and Marie A. Brown. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

Battles at Home.—By Mary G. Darling. A children's story, which has been running through "Merry's Museum" during the past year. Published by Horace B. Fuller, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Gaetano Grange. A Novel of English Society. By T. Adolphus Trollope, author of "Gemma," "A Tale of Love and Jealousy," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

Sister Rose. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

The Bottom of the Sea. By L. Sonrel. Translated and edited by Elihu Rich, translator of Cazin's Popular Treatise on "The Phenomena and Laws of Heat;" late editor of "The People's Magazine," etc. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Lippincott's Magazine, for January, 1871. Contains "The Red Fox," "An American's Christmas in Paris," "Whom all things name," "The Panhellenic Dream," "A Trip to Dahomy," "Hathaway Strange," "Life," "Scribbles about Rio," "Irene," "Industrial and Financial Effects of the War," "My Housekeeping in Rome," "Old and New," "Boys," "Our Monthly Gossip," "Literature of the Day," etc. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The Major and Knapp Illustrated Monthly. We are never tired of admiring the beautiful illustrations which accompany this magazine. Drawn, as they are, by the very best artists, both native and foreign, and printed upon the finest of tinted paper, the effect is exquisite. The literary matter is also quite good. Taking it altogether, we think this magazine is one of the most beautiful specimens of typography we have seen.

Scribner's Monthly, for January, 1871. Contains "Fairmount Park," "Kings of the Air," "The Goblin of the Ice," "Tartini's Dream Music," "The Christmas Door," "Lucky Peer," "Mirabel's Christmas," "Natasqua," "Terms of Peace," "Etchings," and finishes up with a beautiful Christmas Carol, by the editor, Dr. Holland, set to music by George F. Huss. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York.

The Galaxy, for January, 1871. Contains "Lady Judith," "What May Be," "David, King of Israel," "Some Recollections of an Old Woman," "Love Song," "Overland," "Louis Adolphe Thiers," "The Man Who Didn't," "Fort Pickens," "Types of American Beauty," "Ought We to Visit Her?" "Drift-wood," "Scientific Miscellany," "Current Literature," "Mark Twain's Memoranda," "Nebulæ," by the editor. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

The Manufacturer and Builder, for December. Published by Western & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

The Gardener's Monthly, for December. Published by Brinckloe & Marot, 23 North Sixth Street, Philada.

The North British Review, for October. American edition. Contains "The Moabite Inscription," "The Poems of Shelley," "The Growth of a Trades-Union," "Philosophy, Psycology, and Metaphysics," and other articles. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

The XIX Century, for December. Contains "The Duty of Doubt," "Magic-Working Stones," "Reminiscences of Public Men" and other papers. Published by the XIX Century Co., Charleston, S. C.

Appleton's Railway and Steam Navigation Guide, for December. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Stock Raising in Colorado.

New industries are being developed in Colorado. Stock raising has become a profitable business. It is estimated that there are now in the territory over three hundred thousand head of cattle, nearly a third of them driven the past season from Texas. The natural grasses of these hills and valleys, equal in nutritious qualities to the Hungarian and other cultivated grasses, are so abundant that the herds of a dozen states could here find pasturage. The winters are mild. Snow never freezes to stock. The dreaded northers, so fatal to stock in Texas, are not known here. There is no rain on the northern and middle plains in winter. Cattle thrive the year round without feeding. The natural increase of sheep is one hundred, and of cattle nearly eighty per cent. The average cost of raising a steer to four years old in herds of four hundred, is less than eight dollars. The larger the herd the less the average expense. A prominent stock-raiser, who has owned twenty thousand head, states that in the eight years of his experience in this territory his cattle have not only kept in good order through the winter on summer-cured grasses, but that often those thin in the fall have become fine beef by spring. Another herdsman, whose experience covers twenty years, and extends from El Paso, on the Rio Grande, to the northern limits of Colorado, states that he has wintered as high as fifteen thousand head of cattle, and that they grazed without shelter, hay or grain, and many of them came out fat for beef in the spring. Sheep winter well, improving in weight and quality of wool.

These facts are becoming noised abroad. A Chicago firm has this fall paid out in Denver, in two weeks' time, $120,000 for beeves. A Cheyenne firm has paid over $350,000 for cattle and sheep since the first of September. Denver is fast becoming an important stock market. The shipments to Chicago last week were over twenty-five car loads, and many are sent to St. Louis. The mining towns are large consumers, and the mining centres of the neighboring territories, as well as the cities of the Missouri and the Upper Mississippi valleys, will become extensive buyers.

☞ Men may judge us by the success of our efforts. God looks at the efforts themselves.

☞ The man who sat down on a paper of tacks said they reminded him of the *Income tax.*

A VENETIAN BURGLARY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I do not remember any one event of our life more exciting than that attempted burglary of which I have spoken. In a city where the police gave their best attention to political offenders, there were naturally a great many rogues, and the Venetian rogues, if not distinguished for the more heroic crimes, were very skillful in what I may call the *genre* branch of robbing rooms through open windows, and committing all kinds of safe domestic depredations. It was judged best to acquaint Justice (as they call law in Latin countries) with the attempt upon our property, and I found her officers housed in a small room of the Doge's Palace, clerkly men in velvet skull-caps, driving loath quills over the rough official paper of those regions. After an exchange of diplomatic courtesies, the commissary took my statement of affair down in writing, pertinent to which were my father's name, place, and business, with a full and satisfactory personal history of myself down to the period of the attempted burglary. This, I said, occurred one morning about daylight, when I saw the head of the burglar peering above the window-sill, and the hand of the burglar extended to prey upon my wardrobe.

"Excuse me, Signor Console," interrupted the commissary, "how could you see him?"

"Why, there was nothing in the world to prevent me. The window was open."

"The window was open!" gasped the commissary. "Do you mean that you sleep with your windows open?"

"Most certainly!"

"Pardon!" said the commissary, suspiciously. "Do *all* Americans sleep with their windows open?"

"I may venture to say that they all do, in summer," I answered; "at least it's the general custom."

Such a thing as this indulgence in fresh air seemed altogether foreign to the commissary's experience; and but for my official dignity, I am sure that I should have been effectually brow-beaten by him. As it was, he threw himself back in his arm-chair and stared at me fixedly for some moments. Then he recovered himself with another "Perdon!" and, turning to his clerk, said, "Write down that, *according to the American custom*, they were sleeping with their windows open." But I know that the commissary, for all his politeness, considered this habit a relic of the times when we Americans all abode in wigwams; and I suppose it paralyzed his energies in the effort to bring the burglars to justice, for I have never heard anything of them from that day to this.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Paris Bill of Fare.

When, after the surrender at Sedan, General Trochu began to lay in supplies at Paris preparatory to a siege, it was evidently with a belief that new armies would within a few weeks' time relieve the beleaguered city. He and his associates were of the opinion that the first of January would at the farthest witness an end of the siege. Such being the case, supplies were laid in only for a comparatively short time. For some days past the amount of food has been materially diminished, and the recent sorties from Paris were dictated more by a desire to lessen the number of consumers than by a hope of breaking the lines of contervallation. Thousands of the poorer classes are undoubtedly suffering to-day for the ordinary necessaries of life. Public and private letters brought by balloon convey some idea of the condition of affairs in the doomed city. Rats are sold readily in the streets at fifteen cents apiece. The supply comes mainly from the sewers, where a large number of men and boys are employed in securing them. One mode of catching them is to place jars of "glucose syrup" where they can be reached by the rats. The latter are extremely fond of the syrup, and are caught by it in the same manner as flies are ensnared in molasses. The truth of this statement is vouched for by the correspondent who forwards it. Cats are regularly quoted at 60 cents apiece. Turkeys bring as high as $16 in gold, and rabbits $7. Eggs are 15 cents, and chickens $3 apiece. All the Black Swans, Carolina and Chinese ducks, yaks, llamas, buffaloes, wild boars, and other animals, in the Garden of Plants, have been appropriated for food purposes. Private ponds and fountains have been robbed of their gold-fish to appease the demands of hunger.

Turnips sell for 4 cents each, and celery at 8 cents a stalk. The fish-mongers—their regular occupation being suspended—have turned their attention to horse-flesh, and there are now displayed on the tables of the markets horse-beef and horse beef-steaks. Horse-sausages bring 90 cents a pound, and horse-blood pudding, 70 cents a pound. A few days since, a furious riot occurred between these fish-mongers and buyers, the latter claiming that the prices for horse-sausages and pudding were extortionate. It was some time before the fighting was quelled, and not before many people had been trampled under foot and otherwise injured. Butter has almost entirely disappeared. The exhibition of a few pounds in a shopkeepers's window, recently, attracted a vast crowd of passers-by. The little sparrows which fly into the city from the surrounding country are trapped and sold for 10 cents each. Should the siege continue long enough, all the canaries and other pet birds will, it is predicted, be devoured for food. The supply of flour is rapidly diminishing, and that remaining is of a very poor quality. Notwithstanding the Prussian orders to fire upon them are enforced, many citizens, whose food and funds have been exhausted, rush forth from the city toward the Prussian lines, preferring to take their chances of being shot than remaining at their homes under such circumstances. This growing scarcity of food can but in time cause great mortality among both civilians and soldiers. "Everybody already complains of physical weakness," writes one correspondent. "Our present regimen is decimating young children and old people. The want of food is telling on the spirits of the inhabitants of Paris."

☞ Ben Butler will probably be made Secretary of State because of his superior natural advantages for keeping one eye on Canada and the other on Cuba.

☞ Don't keep in a constant fret about things that may be annoying, or worry about things you can't help. Troubles are not lightened by fretting. The true remedy is to keep cool and try to master difficulties, and not let them master you.

Fancies of a Starving Man.

A Mr. Evarts, who got lost amid the mountains of California, wandered about for many days, and was finally discovered when nearly perishing for want of food, had strange fancies come over him toward the last of his wanderings, which are thus described:—

"He does not admit of the idea that he was deprived of sound mind, but at the same time fancied he had plenty of company; he thought his right leg was one man, his left another, his arms two others, and stomach a fifth, thought they were good fellows, and was sorry he could not give them all they wanted to eat. He was surprised that when thistles were to be dug, fires made, wood brought, and meals cooked, that they would not help him. Every thing he ate tasted good except grasshoppers. His stomach had not been educated up to that point. He frequently ate raw fish, and esteemed them delicious; caught one snowbird, and had a rare meal; chased a toad for two days, but without capturing it. In his dreams he used to cook some of the most delicious meals he ever ate in his life."

DOMESTIC DIALOGUE.

Said Stiggens to his wife, one day,
"We've nothing left to eat;
If things go on in this queer way,
We shan't make *both ends meet.*"

The dame replied in words discreet,
"We're not so badly fed,
If we can make but one end *meat,*
And make the other *bread.*"

☞ Horace Greeley thinks that borrowed tools would come home sooner and in better condition if they were charged at cost when lent and credited when returned.

☞ Metallic heels are now worn by all the stylish ladies. It is the only way to prevent the high Louis Quinze heels from running down at the sides. The manner in which the *demoiselles* clatter and clank along the pavement is quite suggestive of a "swell" cavalry officer off duty.

☞ The French and Germans in Wisconsin and Iowa continue to use wooden shoes, and a large establishment for the manufacture of "sabots" has recently been started in Iowa by a German. The cheaper kinds of sabots or wooden shoes sell at from thirty-five to fifty cents a pair. Wooden shoes are also extensively worn in large cities by dyers and other workmen whose trades expose the feet to the action of water and other substances destructive to leather.

☞ Mme. Sass has aroused the wildest enthusiasm by singing the Marseillaise at the Grand Opera House, Paris. Bismarck considers such a proceeding *very Sassy* just a. this time.

☞ "Doctor," said a lady, "I want you to prescribe for me."

"There is nothing the matter, madam," said the doctor, after feeling her pulse; "you only need rest."

"Now, doctor, just look at my tongue," she persisted. "Just look at it—just look at it! Now say what does that need?"

"I think that needs rest, too," replied the doctor.

His wit cost him his dismissal.

☞ Enfant Terrible.—"I know you were coming, auntie."

Auntie.—"Why, dear?"

Enfant Terrible.—"Because pa said he'd take dinner down town."

☞ A Scotchman who had hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him, that he might help himself. The master had occasion to remark some time afterward, "Sandy, you take a long time to breakfast." "In troth, master," answered he, "a cheese o' this size is nae soon eaten as ye may think."

☞ Say *out* the truths of God: and then what thanks do you get for bringing light to the people who love darkness? which nine hundred and ninety-nine in the thousand do.—*Robertson.*

☞ A farmer in Pennsylvania, whose sheep had been stolen for many years, offered a notorious sheep-stealer one hundred dollars a year to let his flocks alone. The worthy, however, only smiled, and said: "No, thank you, I think I can do better."

☞ When Queen Victoria sent a copy of her book to Charles Dickens, she wrote on the title page: "From the humblest to the most distinguished author in England."

☞ Dickens was very fond of Newfoundland dogs. He generally owned several fine specimens, and named them from characters in his novels. His favorite dog was known in the family by the name of "Bumble."

☞ "They do play such lovely sacred music at my daughter's," said a pious but deaf old lady. "There's one piece in particular that is so solemn and devotional—'The soul bereft will find me.'" What she really heard was, however, "The girl I left behind me."

☞ *Every man should have a trade* even if he does not expect to live by it. No man can tell what will happen to him. A trade may now be your amusement, but by-and-by it may be your support. The Jews had a proverb in old times: *He that does not teach his child a trade, teaches him to steal.*

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2562 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ₩ lb. 175 Cows brought from $30 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep—16,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₩ lb. 6000 Hogs sold at from $8,00 to 9,50 ₩ 180 lbs.

A Better Tonic than Quinine.

Callaya bark of the primest quality is a prominent ingredient of Plantation Bitters. With it are combined the juices and extracts of a variety of aperient, anti-bilious, anti-spasmodic and antiseptic vegetable substances, and these properties are conserved and rendered diffusible by the pure spirit of the sugar-cane—the most genial and harmless of all stimulants; but this inestimable bark is, after all, the most important medical agent contained in the Bitters.

In the various complaints for which quinine is prescribed, Plantation Bitters may be given with the certainty of producing all the *good* effects claimed by the faculty to result from the use of that *dangerous alkaloid*, without the fear of any subsequent *evil* consequence. The entire *harmlessness* of the Bitters is guaranteed: the testimony on this point, from the highest sources, being conclusive.

Sea Moss Farine from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

Interesting to Ladies.

"My wife has a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine that she has used for more than five years. It has cost nothing for repairs in that time, and has given entire satisfaction in every respect."—*D. R. Smith, Port Deposit, Ind.*

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH
BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND
WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN
RESOLVENT HAS MADE
THE MOST
ASTONISHING CURES.
SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE
CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS
TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE,
THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN
FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the
Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1871, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States, and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive National Calendar.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected.—Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking.* The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood. The Bitters are sold in every city, town and village, and are extensively used throughout the entire civilized world.

dec3-3t

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.*

nov26-6m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

oct1-tf

PSYCHOMANCY.—Any lady or gentleman can make $1,000 a month, secure their own happiness and independence, by obtaining PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, or SOUL CHARMING. 400 pages; cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men or animals at will; how to Mesmerize, become Trance or Writing Mediums, Divination, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to Marriage, &c., all contained in this book; 10,000 sold; price by mail, in cloth $1.25, paper covers $1. Notice.—Any person willing to act as agent will receive a sample copy of the work free. As no capital is required, all desirous of genteel employment should send for the book, enclosing 10 cts. for postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

nov19-6teow.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. William Cathcart, Mr. George A. Jones to Miss Ellen E. Ryan, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. Benjamin P. Elliott to Miss Martha A. Myers, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. M. H. Sisty, Mr. William H. Vanthen to Miss Agnes Taylor, both of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George W. Rutter to Miss Sallie J. Tourison, daughter of Wm. G. Tourison, Esq., both of this city.

On the 1st of Oct., by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., James D. Williams to Miss Mary M. Staats, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Wm. R. Wood, Mr. Chas. Barger to Miss Mary E. Curry, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th of Nov., 1870, at the residence of W. A. Field, Mayfield, California, John Walter Field, aged 79 years. He walked out on the 10th, and died on the 11th. The deceased was a member of Washington Lodge, No. 1 of the I. O. of O. F. in the city of Baltimore.

[Baltimore papers please copy.]

On the 20th instant, Charles H., son of John and Lucy Armstrong, in his 19th year.

On the 20th instant, Rachel W., wife of Abel Busby, in her 72d year.

On the 19th instant, Miss May Miller, in her 47th year.

On the 19th instant, Hannah Hulings, in her 91st year.

On the 19th instant, William Gilmore, in his 59th year.

On the 18th instant, Allen Atkinson, in his 54th year.

On the 18th instant, Armina D., wife of Wm. G. Kennard, aged 34 years.

On the 17th instant, David G. Walton, M. D., in his 63d year.

On the 17th instant, Marvin Morrow, in his 71st year.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW,

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers. Those who speak of her as a merely "sensational" writer, simply have caught up a parrot cry, and show their utter ignorance of her works.

Early in January, we design commencing a

STORY OF ADVENTURE,

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of THE POST is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of THE POST without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

TERMS.

We are still able to offer all *NEW* subscribers

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

beginning their subscriptions for 1871 with the paper of October 8th, which contains the beginning of LEONIE'S MYSTERY, by Frank Lee Benedict. This is

THIRTEEN PAPERS

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

WE HAVE A GOODLY SUPPLY OF BACK NUMBERS STILL ON HAND.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Terms:

One copy (and a Premium Steel Engraving)	$2.50
2 copies,	4.00
4 "	6.00
5 " (and one extra)	8.00
8 " (and one extra)	12.00
11 " (and one extra)	16.00
14 " (and one extra)	20.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4.00

Every person getting up a Club will receive one of the large Steel-Plate Premium Engravings—and for Clubs of 5 and over both a Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

Our last Premium Engraving is "THE SISTERS"—a perfect Gem. The others are "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," and "One of Life's Happy Hours." Either of these engravings will be sent, as desired. If no directions are given, "The Sisters" will be sent.

☞ *Club Subscribers* who wish a Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra.* To those who are not subscribers we will furnish them for *two dollars.* All these engravings are done on Steel—they are not wood-cuts or lithographs.

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter-up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

ONE MONTH FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of January, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making *thirteen months in all!*

Sewing Machine Premium, &c.

—See terms on th second page of this paper

TOWARD THE LIGHT.

O bright Geranium! with your green arms reaching
Out through the darkness—ever toward the light;
How to my heart this lesson you are teaching—
"Turn from the darkness! Look for what is bright!"

O Human Soul! with your high power of loving,
Reach over outward from the groveling dark,
Lie not in idleness; be up and moving;
Let not your fire die out—keep bright the spark!

For they who rise above the common level
Are ever reaching higher and still higher,
Till they at last may soar, and swim, and revel
Amid the stars—beyond the sunset's fire!

All noble effort, every grand endeavor,
All aspiration after wealth or fame,
Are but the out-reachings of the soul, which ever
By what it grasps, keeps bright the hungry flame.

And though we never cease this restless yearning,
And though the promised bliss still farther flies,
Better to keep the eager flame a-burning
Until it is rekindled in the skies.

For it is but the sense of the Immortal,
The subtle instinct of a future life,
Striving within its cramped and prisoned portal
Which kindles in our souls this anxious strife.

'Twas this that gave a Raphael inspiration
And brought the sweet Madonna to our home;
'Twas this inspired an Angelo's creation—
The fadeless grandeur of St. Peter's dome!

It builds our ships, it rears each lofty palace;
It paints the glowing landscape for our walls:
It moulds the silver to a glittering chalice,
And weaves the gossamer lace that round us falls.

It grasps all things—the number swells and thickens;
It leadeth mind and matter, soul and thought;
It gives us Milton, Shakspeare, Byron, Dickens,
Longfellow and Whittier, Tennyson and Scott.

It reaches back amid the dusk of ages,
And grasps the brilliance hidden long from sight;
It breathes in glowing words on modern pages
Those beautiful thoughts that blossom in the light.

And so we gather all earth's bygone beauty;
And hail the present, with the hope of more,
To cheer us in our daily round of duty
And deck our pathway on the rocky shore.

And he who in the sunlight dreams of shadows,
And through the day is fearful of the night,
Who walks unheeding in the fragrant meadows
And talks of possible storm, and rust, and blight,

Is not one-half as wise as thou, my blossom!
Reaching thy loving fingers to the light,
Filling with hopefulness the gazer's bosom,
And flinging back the shadows of the night!

Shadow Pantomimes.

Shadow pantomimes can be very effectually arranged in parlors by following these simple directions: Fasten a sheet tightly across the space between the open folding doors. The room in front of the sheet must be quite dark. The back room, where the performers operate, must be lighted by a candle, or large kerosene lamp, which stands upon the floor. To determine the size of the required figures, let the actors stand within a foot of the sheet, and carry the lamp forward or backward until the right focus is obtained. To make an actor descend from above, he must stand behind the lamp and slowly step over it. The audience will see first his foot, and then his whole body gradually appears; and by stepping backward, he can be made to disappear in the same manner. To throw an actor up out of sight, lift him slowly over the lamp, and bring him down again by reversing the process. Two gentlemen, or large boys, and one smaller one, with one lady, are enough for most pantomimes; and the properties needed are easily cut from stiff pasteboard, when they cannot be readily obtained in the house. The subjects are manifold, but at first I will describe some of the simpler ones.

1. The barber's shop. The barber and his assistant descend from above, and bow to the audience. Boy arranges chair. Old gentleman enters; is placed in the chair by the boy, who proceeds to cover him with a sheet and apply soap with a feather duster. Barber approaches with huge razor. Boy trips up barber, whose razor cuts off customer's head, which is done by quickly turning up his coat collar, and drawing razor through his neck. Consternation! They consult together and decide to throw the body up into the air, which they do, and then, making their bows, ascend out of sight.

2. The dentist. Same opening scene. A huge tooth is drawn with the tongs from under the patient's coat.

3. A duel, in which the swords can be run through the actors by passing behind them.

4. Boxing match between a small boy and a tall man. The one who falls is thrown up into the air, as before.

5. Witch going up on a broomstick. By stepping over the lamp.

6. The Grecian bend, illustrated by an extravagantly panniered young lady.

7. Jack the giant-killer. The giant can grow or diminish by moving the lamp backward or forward; and Jack can slowly ascend the bean-stalk, which can first be shown, and made to grow rapidly in the same manner.

A little practice will enable the performers to keep the scenes well in focus, and cause much amusement to both spectators and actors.

A Russian Criminal

An English visitor to the St. Petersburg prisons relates the following:—

Beside the window sits a youth of nineteen, with his arms folded, and his head bowed dreamily on his breast. Of all the faces grouped around, his is the most remarkable. The almost childlike expression of the delicate profile and soft brown eye is contradicted by a mouth absolutely startling in its rigidity—small, thin-lipped, and hard, as if cut in granite—the mouth of one without fear, without faith, without mercy. The upper face is that of a child to whom crime itself is unknown; the lower, that of a man capable of any crime upon earth. It is the countenance of a cherub blended with that of a bandit.

"Who is that?" ask I tentatively. "Surely *he* can't have done anything very serious?"

"You mustn't judge by their faces, barin," answers Ivan with a meaning smile: "that is Vanka Bouslaieff,* who murdered that whole family in the Torgovaya the other day. You've heard of him, of course?"

I have indeed (in common with my entire acquaintance) heard only too much of the hero of this frightful tragedy, with which all Petersburg is still ringing; and thus do I suddenly find myself face to face with him.

"You know my name, then?" says the prisoner with a smile.

"Every man in Petersburg knows it now," answer I; "it has been in every mouth for the last fortnight."

"So I suppose," he rejoins with a complacent air. "When I was a student at Kiev, they used to tell me that I should never make my name heard of; but apparently they were mistaken, after all."

Considering his present position, there is something at once terrible and revolting in the man's inordinate vanity, which betrays itself not merely in his words, but in the tone of his voice and the very pose of his figure.

"You have been a student, then?"

"Yes, for several years; but I didn't distinguish myself *there*. "Perhaps," he adds with a slight sneer, "the good people there will be more ready to acknowledge me now."

"And when are you to be tried?"

"I don't exactly know; but pretty soon now, I should think. It's all one to me, for I know how it must end; and, after all, Siberia's better than hanging. As we used to say at college: 'From the land of Siberia one may escape; from the land of Mogeein' [the grave] 'one can't.'"

"Don't talk so loud about escaping, brother," interposes Ivan warningly; "you forget that everything you say here is noted."

"Note it, and welcome," rejoins the prisoner with an air of indifference; "I'd say it to their faces, if need be. If that hog of a boy hadn't screamed out as I stabbed him, I'd have escaped at the first; but it was the will of God that I should be taken." And at the mention of the holy name, this red-handed exterminator doffs his cap, and crosses himself as devoutly as if he were before the altar of a church. Too sick at heart to be diverted by the hideous grotesqueness of the action, I turn hastily away, while the murderer resumes his seat with the air of a sovereign dismissing an ambassador.

Not the least remarkable thing about this man is the tacit but unmistakable ascendency which he exercises over his fellow-prisoners. In this rude society, his advantages of birth and education would avail him nothing—would, if anything, excite the spleen and hostility of his rougher companions; but the complicated atrocity of his guilt invests him in their eyes with a kind of weird grandeur. For them he is simply a consummate master of the art which they have all practised—one of the aristocracy of crime, before whose evil preeminence all must bow down in adoration.

"Terrible fellow that, barin," says Ivan, as we quit the room together; "only nineteen, and to have swept off five Christian souls! They say," adds he in a low whisper, "that he knows Latin and Greek as well as we know Russian; so it's no wonder he did what he did!"

This matchlessly characteristic observation comes very seasonably to arouse me from the train of gloomy reflection into which I had sunk. "Why, brother, if that's all, *I* know Latin and Greek pretty well myself—well enough to read and write them at least."

"Do you *really*, barin?" says Ivan, surveying me with a new interest, and with that air of doubtful admiration with which men approach a daring criminal. "Do you really? Then may God mercifully preserve you from temptation!"

As we proceed gatewards (for I had seen quite enough, and decline visiting the third ward, where those detained on suspicion are confined), I take the opportunity of asking whether the prisoners seem tolerably contented on the whole.

"Most of them do," answers Ivan; "but that's because they've been here some time; for the new-comers it's dreadful at first. You see, they give them no work to do, and they've nothing to amuse them; so they get to doing all sorts of mischief. Only this spring, one of our warders was nearly killed by a great stone that fell within an inch of his head, as he passed under the windows; and when inquiry was made, it turned out that one of the lads in the second ward had betted fifty kopecks that he would kill with that stone the first man that crossed the yard within a fair distance. And now, barin, here we come to the third ward, and you'll be likely to see something curious."

* This name is fictitious; but many in St. Petersburg will easily recognize the description.

The Wandering Jew.

Through the Middle Ages we trace the weird figure of a man, downcast and grave, who, unhasting, unresting, must march on till the day of doom. The Wandering Jew, sometimes buried in Armenian convents or the deserts of Central Asia, in the burning plains of Africa or the snowy heights of the Caucasus, suddenly appears in the haunts of more civilized Europe, and tells as an eye-witness, the sad story of the Crucifixion, and his share in the contumely cast upon the God-man. He had thrown himself into the flaming city of Jerusalem under the Roman swords; he had fought against Gauls, Germans, and Saracens; but no lance would enter his charmed body—no arrow pierce the heart that longed to be at rest. The wild elephant had crushed him under foot, venomous serpents had bitten him, the hungry lion had torn him, but he could not die until Christ himself should return to judge the world. This legend filled the people with terror and emotion, and probably arose from some eloquent preacher, who thus personified the Jewish nation, under the figure of a single man, scattered through the world, and undestroyed by persecution. Matthew Paris is the first historian who speaks of it; an Armenian bishop, visiting the monks of St. Albans, had conversed with the Jew about the year 1228, and from that time he appeared at intervals in several of the cities of Europe, dressed in the old Roman costume, much worn, a long beard, naked feet, and a sad, melancholy expression. He refused all presents but a few pence, which he gave away to the poor. At Strasbourg he appeared in 1580, and informed the magistrates that he had passed through their city two hundred years before, which was verified by a reference to the city registers. The last time we hear of him is in the city of Brussels in 1774.

The Blossom of the Day.

BY F. B. PERKINS.

The last half of the forenoon is the best part of the day. It is the sunny side of the peach; the tenderloin of the steak; the early manhood of life—always supposing that a day is peach, steak, or life, respectively.

I do not mean for sleep or rest, however; but those are not life. I mean for doing. And the reason is obvious. It is that, in the ordinary course of things there is at that time a maximum of vitality on hand, and a minimum of expenditure of it.

All night the mysterious power of that self, of which we are so infinitely ignorant, has been silently accumulating strength—from where? From darkness? From silence? From unconsciousness? No human being knows. We cannot even say whether this strength streams into us from the earth and the air, or whether it is a blossoming and outgrowth of some force or activity within our own being, or whether it is something given with an individualizing love by the will, the mind, the heart, that vivifies all the universe. And if He does it for me, He does it for each one—beast, bird, and bug. At any rate, we have a supply of life to expend at morning, which we had not at night.

The supply of life which we bring out of bed, however, is in a very crude state. It is like delicate pottery, which may be perfect in material, in color, in shape, and yet is so tender and brittle that it will scarcely endure a touch, and must be carried through a deliberate annealing process—heated hot and then cooled gradually—before it is *practical* pottery.

The annealing process for the night's supply of nervous energy is breakfast, and its appendix, digestion. This supplements the subtle white life of the nervous system, which may be called spirit, with a vigorous red life of new blood, which may be called flesh; and with new spirit and new flesh together, our new daily man is complete. This process takes a couple of hours or so, at least, to go into effective operation. If, therefore, we are through breakfast by eight, the choice flower of the hours that I have described begins to blossom about ten o'clock.

Have you an article to write; a series of thoughts to set in order; a problem to solve; a case to investigate; a set of facts to state; a delicate and critical piece of mechanical work to do; an important subject to discuss with some one; a plan of operations to construct; a quantity of goods to examine; a complicated piece of work to estimate upon; a mass of evidence to analyze and arrange; a collection of arguments to weigh, compare, analyze, and decide—in short, have you anything to do that requires steady nerves, clear views, rapid and easy thought, just judgment—the best of all your abilities—devote to it the last half of the forenoon.

For drudgery the rule is of little importance. Whether a beast's belly was stuffed with hay five minutes ago or five hours is not of very much account. Yoke him up and drive on. If you have nothing to do but to "hoe your row," to carry a hod, to keep tally on packages, to copy papers, to read proof, go at it as soon as your meal is over. One can do three half days every twenty-four hours of such work as that; one in the forenoon, one in the afternoon, one in the evening. I have done it, for many a tiresome day and week.

Some very good people think it a fine thing to turn off a quantity of work before breakfast. For a man this is stupid. It would do no harm to him, to be sure, if he had the constitution and endurance of a cast-steel bull-dog. I remember right well having been many a time routed out of bed and made to go out and work in the garden for an hour before breakfast. Sunrise is glorious. Beautiful are the twitterings of the birds; lovely indeed are the fresh green leaves all pearly with dew. How sweet it is to lie snug in bed and think about them! But with the laxity and warm quietude of the night still curled and swathed about you; with stomach empty and system spiritually all right, no doubt, but unbent and lowered in a muscular sense by the long, warm rest—such treatment is about as kind and useful as it would be to fling down the bedclothes without notice and souse a bucket of ice-water on the victim. How cross it made me! How dirty and cold my hands were, with the dew and the earth together! How chilly I sometimes became, and how abominably repugnant was the muscular exertion that might have warmed me! Often and often I spent the hour with a sour face and a grumbling spirit that were no fault of mine, and then went to the breakfast table with just nausea enough from the unseasonable exertion to spoil my breakfast, and to underlay my whole forenoon with a stratum of cross, uncomfortable feeling! If I had a thousand boys, I would never make one of them work before breakfast.

The infliction was the more unaccountable, since the same stringent authority that did it, wisely prevented me from reading or studying before breakfast. To exercise the muscles at that time is just as wrong as to exercise the eyes; to use the eyes, just as bad as to use the muscles. The Rev. Albert Barnes, a useful and laborious scholar, thought it a fine thing to do a quantity of work at his desk every day before breakfast. His wiry, enduring constitutional texture resisted a long time, but at last he became blind, or nearly so. It was a most evil example.—*Herald of Health.*

☞ In these days of soiled stamps, "filthy lucre" is not a misnomer.

☞ During an examination a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification set in?" replied, "when you pop the question and are answered 'No.'"

☞ Alluding to chignons, Mrs. Clever said: "A girl now seems all head." "Yes, till you talk to her," growled Clever.

A VISION OF CHRISTMAS.

It was in the bleak December, as I watched each blazing ember,
And fresh from Nature's loom gleamed the garment of the snow;
And the Christmas bells were ringing—to the world glad tidings bringing
Of the child Messiah cradled in a manger long ago.

While bitter winds were sighing, I saw an angel flying,
Fairer, fairer than the snow, flattering downward like a pall;
It was Charity, in pity sent to village, town and city,
To heal the broken-hearted, and speak words of love to all.

Quick she sped across the alleys to the wild, snow-covered valleys,
Where sat an aged mother by the bright trim English fire;
Attired was she in sable, and the Book was on the table,
Which she ceased to read to listen to the Christmas minstrel choir.

Anear her sat a maiden, her eyes with tear-drops laden;
Their thoughts were of a new-made grave and of a sailor-boy;
And the angel entered slowly, with a foot-step soft and holy,
And they felt life still had left for them a cup of real joy.

Straightway again she wandered, by a cot-tage hearth she pondered,
Where in its last death struggles lay a little suffering child;
And its father and its mother, clinging closer to each other,
In the majesty of sorrow and despair were weeping wild.

As the latch she lifted lightly the fireside beamed more brightly,
And from the shrouded spirits the stone of sorrow rolled;
And they saw above their pining the Star of Bethlehem shining,
And knew their lamb was gathered in the tender Shepherd's fold.

O, may this lovely angel be the world's divine evangel,
And gather in the poor around the Christ-mas board;
Clothe the naked once who shiver, sing Ho-sannas to the giver,
And with mistletoe and holly wreathe the cannon and the sword.

Keep the Face and the Voice Clear!

I know a lady who when quite young was crippled for life by a painful accident. Keen suffering soon left its impress upon her countenance. Her brow was contracted, her lips compressed; so that the first impression produced upon a friend who came to see her was that of pain. After she had been ill six months, she one day called for a glass, that she might see herself. Her own words, describing the image reflected there, I still remember: "Such a wrinkled, frowning face as confronted me I hope never to see again," she said. "It was false, too; for it told only of physical pain, without even a suggestion of the love and mercy, human and divine, which had helped me in my endurance." For months she struggled with her facial muscles, trying to restore peaceful harmony to the disturbed and demoralized features. She applied herself to this as to a work which God had given her to do. She prayed as well as labored for success; and she conquered. In her efforts to master the outward expression she also gained in power of inward control, which increased her store of fortitude.

If you have not thought of this before, ask for a glass, look at your face as you see it there, and tell yourself honestly what is the impression produced. If the expression is peaceful and cheerful, in spite of pallor and wasting, be glad, and do not regret the absence of more material points of beauty. The soul has told its story upon its mirror, and all is well. But if, instead of peace, you see querulousness and discontent; if pain even is imprinted too deeply, give yourself no rest until you have in some degree removed their marks. Hold in modest reserve the traces of what you endure; give place to no such tell-tales of what is only yours and God's to know. Let a meek acceptance of your lot be in both heart and look. "We must suffer; but we need not grumble" any more than wise Epictetus. A flag of distress is also a sign of defeat of some sort. Let us not hang it out to our own humiliation and the grief of friends. A brave fight against our disadvantages will surely bring a partial victory at least.

The next troublesome charge is the voice, which is almost more difficult of management than the face. Whine and complaint always belonging more or less to pain; and, being eager of outlet, often take us by surprise. In seasons of access of suffering not much can be done with our tones, perhaps. If gentleness is secured, we must rest content. But when only the ordinary discomfort presses, we may do better and give the cheerful greeting, the grateful acknowledgment, in a voice of bright heartiness.—*The Household.*

California Chinamen.

This was not the only precept of the Sermon on the Mount which was faithfully followed by Mr. Ah Ying.

One evening, my wife and I sat with him in his private office until late at night. Although very temperate, he always sent for champagne when we really sat down for a good talk. Extremely reserved on short acquaintance, and very reticent, when he felt inclined he was a ready talker. This evening, he told us much of his past life—how he came to California, in the early days, poor and friendless; how, in spite of abuse, oppressive laws, and local prejudice, he hired a little cellar, and established himself in business; how he grew in prosperity, and his business increased, until that cellar has now grown into four stories of a fine brick building, besides his establishment in China.

"You have any partners, Ah Ying?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! I have partners. I got one partner dead; my partner all same; no differens. I make all I can; he have share. He have wife, children, home in China. Every year I look over rice, oil, tea, flour, see how much make; then send China, pay him, his wife, all he make. Suppose live, my partner; dead, my partner all same."

☞ The sting of a bee carries conviction with it. It makes a man a bee-liever at once.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

When skies are growing warm and bright,
And in the woodland bowers
The Spring time in her pale, faint robes
Is calling up the flowers;
When all with naked little feet
The children in the morn
Go forth, and in the furrows drop
The seeds of yellow corn,
What a beautiful embodiment
Of ease devoid of pride,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With doors set open wide!

But when the happiest time is come
That to the year belongs,
When all the vales are filled with gold,
And all the air with songs;
When fields of yet unripened grain
And yet ungarnered stores,
Remind the thrifty husbandman
Of ampler threshing floors;
How pleasant from the din and dust
Of the thoroughfare aloof,
Stands the old-fashioned homestead,
With steep and mossy roof!

When home the woodsman plods with axe
Upon his shoulder swung,
And in the knotted apple tree
Are scythe and sickle hung;
When low about her clay-built nest
The mother swallow trills,
And decorously slow the cows
Are wending down the hills,
What a blessed picture of comfort
In the evening shadows red,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With its bounteous table spread.

And when the winds moan loudly,
When the woods are bare and brown,
And when the swallow's clay-built nest
From the rafter crumbles down;
When all the untrod garden paths
Are heaped with frozen leaves,
And icicles, like silver spikes,
Are set along the eaves;
Then when the book from the shelf is
brought,
And the fire-lights shine and play,
In the good old-fashioned homestead,
Is the farmer's holiday.

But whether the brooks be fringed with
flowers,
Or whether the dead leaves fall,
And whether the air be full of songs,
Or never a song at all,
And whether the vines of the strawberries
Or frosts through the grasses run,
And whether it rain or whether it shine,
Is all to me as one;
For bright as the brightest sunshine
The light of memory streams
Round the old-fashioned homestead,
Where I dreamed my dream of dreams.

ALICE CARY.

Wolfe Barrington's Taming.

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL STORY.

I am going back to our school life. That is, to something that happened in it. I might have *told this long ago*, and it has often crossed my mind to do it. But somehow I have not cared; for Archie Hearn and I were as great friends as young boys can be, and I liked him better than any other fellow in the school at that time, Tod always excepted. We had been a couple of years at Dr. Frost's when little Hearn entered. He was eleven years old then.

Hearn's father was dead. His mother had been a Miss Stockhausen, sister to Mrs. Frost. The Stockhausens had a name in Worcestershire: chiefly, I think, for dying off. There had been six sisters; and the only two now left were Mrs. Frost and Mrs. Hearn: the other four quietly decayed away one after another, not living to see thirty. Mr. Hearn died (from an accident) when Archie was only a year old. He left no will, and there ensued a sharp dispute about his property. The Stockhausens said it all belonged to the little son; the Hearn family considered a portion of it must go back to them. The poor widow was the only quiet spirit amidst them, willing to be led either way. What the disputants did was to put it into Chancery: and I don't think much of it ever came out again.

It was the worst move they could have made for Mrs. Hearn. For it reduced her to a very slender income indeed, and the world wondered how she got on at all. She lived in a cottage about three miles off the Frosts, with one servant and the little child Archibald. In the course of years people seemed to forget all about the property in Chancery, and to ignore her as quite a poor woman.

Well, we—I and Tod—had been at Dr. Frost's two years or so, when Archibald Hearn entered the school. He was a slender little fellow with bright brown eyes, a delicate face and bright cheeks, very sweet-tempered and pleasant in manner. At first he used to go home at night, but when the winter weather came on he got a cough, and was told to come into the house altogether. Some of the big ones felt sure that old Frost took him for nothing; but as little Hearn was Mrs. Frost's nephew and we liked *her*, no talk was made over it. The lad did not much like coming into the house: we could see that. He seemed always to be hankering after his mother and old Betty the servant. Not in words: but he'd stand with his arms on the play-yard gate, and his eyes gazing out to the quarter where the cottage was; as if he'd like his sight to leap the wood and the three miles of distance, and take a look at it. When any of us said to him as a bit of chaff, "You are staring after old Betty, he would say Yes, he wished he could see her and his mother; and then tell no end of tales about what Betty had done for him in his illness. Anyway, Hearn was a straightforward little chap, and a favorite in the school.

He had been with us about a year when Wolfe Barrington came. Quite another guess sort of pupil. A big strong fellow who had never had a mother: rich and and overbearing, and cruel enough. He was in black from head to foot for his father, who had just died: a rich Irishman, given to company and strong drink. Wolfe came in for all the money; so that he had a fine career before him and might be expected to set the world on fire. Little Hearn's stories had been of home; of his mother and old Betty. Wolfe's were different. He had had the run of his father's stables, and knew more about horses and dogs than the animals themselves. Curious things, too, he'd tell of men and women, who had stayed at old Barrington's place: and what he said of the public school he had been at, might have made old Frost's hair stand on end. Why he quitted the public school we did not find out; some said he had run away from it, and that his father, who'd indulged him awfully, would not send him back to be punished; others said the public masters would not receive him back. In the nick of time the father died; and Wolfe's guardians put him at Dr. Frost's.

"I shall make you my fag," said Barrington, the day he entered, catching hold of little Hearn in the playground, and twisting him round by the arm.

"What's that?" asked Hearn, rubbing his arm—for Wolfe's grasp had not been a light one.

"What's that!" repeated Barrington, scornfully. "What a precious young fool you must be not to know. Who's your mother?"

"She lives over there," answered Hearn, taking the question literally, and nodding beyond the wood.

"Oh!" said Barrington, twisting his mouth. "What's her name? And what's yours?"

"Mrs. Hearn. Mine's Archibald."

"Good, Mr. Archibald. You'll be my fag. That is, my servant. And you'll do every earthly thing that I order you to do. And mind you do it smartly, or maybe that girl's face of yours will show out rather green sometimes."

"I shall not be anybody's servant," returned Archie, in his mild, inoffensive way.

"Wont you! You'll tell me another tale before this time to-morrow. Did you ever get licked into next week?"

The child made no answer. He began to think the new fellow might be in earnest, and gazed up at him in questioning doubt.

"When your two eyes can't see out for the swelling round them, and your back's stiff with smarting and aching—*that's* the kind of licking I mean," went on Barrington. "Did you ever taste it?"

"No, sir."

"Good again. It'll be the sweeter when you do. Now look you here, Mr. Archibald Hearn. I appoint you my fag in ordinary. You'll fetch and carry for me; you'll black my boots and brush my clothes; you'll sit up to wait on me when I go to bed, and read me to sleep; you'll be dressed before I am in the morning, and be ready with my clothes and hot water. Never mind whether the rules of the house are against hot water, *you'll have to provide it*, though you boil it on sticks in the bedroom grate, or out in the nearest field. You'll attend me at my lessons; look out words for me; copy my exercises in a fair hand—and if you were old enough to *do* them, you'd have to. That's a few of the items; but there's a hundred other things that I've not time to detail. If I can get a horse for my use, you'll have to groom him. And if you don't put out your mettle to serve me in all these ways, and don't hold yourself in readiness to fly and obey me at any minute or hour, you'll get one of the lickings I've told you of every day, until you are licked into shape."

Barrington meant what he said. Voice and countenance alike wore a carelessly determined look, as if his words were law. Lots of the fellows, attracted by the talking, had gathered around. Hearn, honest and straightforward himself, did not altogether understand what evil might be in store for him, and grew seriously frightened.

The captain of the school walked up—John Whitney. "What's that that Hearn has got to do?" he asked.

"*He* knows now," answered Barrington. "That's enough. They don't allow servants here: I must have a fag in place of one."

In turning his fascinated eyes from Barrington, Hearn saw Blair standing by—one of the masters. Blair must have caught what passed: and little Hearn appealed to him.

"Am I obliged to be his fag, sir?"

Mr. Blair put us leisurely aside with his hands, and confronted the new fellow. "Your name is Barrington, I think," he said.

"Yes, it is," said Barrington, staring at him defiantly.

"Allow me to tell you that 'fags' are not permitted here. The system would not be tolerated by Dr. Frost for a moment. Each boy must wait on himself, and be responsible for himself: seniors and juniors alike. You are not at a public school now, Barrington. In a day or two, when you shall have learnt the in-door customs and rules here, I daresay you will find yourself sufficiently comfortable, and that a fag would be an unnecessary appendage."

"Who is that man?" cried Barrington, as Blair turned away.

"Mathematical master. Sees to us out of hours," answered Bill Whitney.

"And what the devil did you mean by making a sneaking appeal to *him*?" continued Barrington, seizing Hearn roughly.

"I did not mean it for sneaking; but I could not do what you wanted," said Hearn. "He had been listening to us."

"I wish to goodness that confounded fool, Taptal, had been sunk in his horse-pond, before he had put me to such a place as this," cried Barrington passionately. "As to you, you little sneak, it seems I can't make you do what I wanted, fags being forbidden fruit here, but it sha'n't serve you much. There's to begin with."

Hearn got a shake and a kick that sent him flying. Blair was back on the instant.

"Are you a coward, Mr. Barrington?"

"A coward!" retorted Barrington, his eyes flashing. "You had better try whether I am or not."

"It seems to me that you act like one, in attacking a lad so much younger and weaker than yourself. Don't let me have to report you to Dr. Frost the first day of your arrival. Another thing—I must request you to be a little more careful in your language. You have come amidst gentlemen here, not blackguards."

The matter ended at this; but Barrington looked in a frightful rage. It was unfortunate that it should have occurred the day he entered; but it did, word for word, as I have written it. It set some of us rather against Barrington, and it set *him* against Hearn. He didn't "lick him into next week," but he gave him many a blow that the boy did nothing to deserve.

Barrington won his way, though, as the time went on. He had a large supply of money, and was open-handed with it; and he'd often do a generous turn for one and another. The worst of him was his savage roughness. At play he was always rough; and, when put out, savage as well. His strength and activity were something remarkable; he'd not have minded hard blows himself, and he showered them out on others with no more care than if we had been made of pumice-stone.

It was Barrington who introduced the new system at foot-ball. We had played it before in a rather mild manner, speaking comparatively, but he soon changed that. Dr. Frost got to know of it in time, and he appeared amongst us one day when we were in the thick of it, and stopped the game with a sweep of his hand. They play it at Rugby now very much as Barrington made us play it then. The Doctor—standing with his face unusually red, and his shirt and necktie unusually white, and his knee-buckles shining—asked whether we were a pack of African cannibals, that we should kick at one another in that dangerous manner. If we ever attempted it again, he said, foot-ball should be interdicted.

So we went back to the old way. But we had tried the new, you see: and the consequence was that undue roughness would creep into it now and again. Barrington led it on. No African cannibal (as old Frost put it) could have been more incautiously furious at it than he. To see him with his sallow face in a steam, and his keen black eyes shining, his hat off, and his straight hair flung behind, was not the pleasantest sight to my mind. Snepp said one day that he looked just like the devil at these times. Wolfe Barrington overheard, and kicked him right over the hillock. I don't think he was ill-intentioned: but his powerful frame had been untamed; it required a vent for its superfluous strength; his animal spirits led him away, and he had never been taught to put a curb on himself or his inclinations. One thing was certain—that the name, Wolfe, for such a nature as his, was singularly appropriate. Some of us told him so. He laughed in answer: never saying that it was only so shortened from Wolfsey, which was his real name, as we learnt later. He could be as good a fellow and comrade as any of them when he chose, and on the whole we liked him a great deal better than we had thought we should at first.

As to the animosity against little Hearn, it was wearing off. The lad was too young to retaliate, and Barrington got tired of knocking him about: perhaps a little ashamed of it when there was no return. In a twelvemonth's time it had quite subsided; and, to the surprise of many of us, Barrington (coming back from a visit to his guardian, old Taptal) brought Hearn a handsome knife of three blades as a present.

And so it would have gone on but for an unfortunate occurrence. I shall always say and think so. But for that, it might have been peace between them to the end and the end. There's no space to give details just here; only the heads. Barrington, who was defiantly independent, had betaken himself to Evesham one half holiday without leave. He got into some mischief there, and broke a boy's head. Dr. Frost was appealed to: and of course there was a row. The Doctor forbid him ever to stir beyond bounds again without first obtaining permission; and told Mr. Blair that for a fortnight to come Barrington in after hours was to be confined to the play-ground.

Very good. A day or two after, on the next Saturday afternoon, the school went to a cricket-match; doctor, masters, boys, and all; Barrington only being left behind.

Was he one to stand this? No. He coolly walked away to the high road and took the first conveyance that passed for Evesham. There he disported himself in the fruit and tart shops, and chartered a gig to bring him back to within half a mile of the school's entrance.

The cricket-match was not over when he got in, for it lasted up to the dark of the summer evening; and nobody would have known of the escapade but for one miserable misfortune—Archie Hearn happened to have been that afternoon to Evesham with his mother, and he saw Barrington.

"There's Wolfe Barrington!" said Archie in the surprise of the moment as he passed the tart shop: but Mrs. Hearn, who was in a hurry, did not stop. On the Monday, she brought Archie back to school; he had been at home, sick, for more than a week, and knew nothing of Barrington's punishment. Archie came amidst us at once, but Mrs. Hearn stayed to take tea with her sister and Dr. Frost. Without the slightest intention to create mischief, quite unaware that she was doing it, Mrs. Hearn mentioned incidentally that they had seen one of the boys—Barrington—at Evesham on the Saturday. Dr. Frost pricked up his ears at the news; not believing it, however: but Mrs. Hearn said yes, for Archie had seen him eating tarts at the confectioner's. The Doctor finished his tea, went to his study, and sent for Barrington. Barrington denied it. He was not in the habit of telling lies, was too fearless of consequences to do anything of the kind; but he denied it now to the Doctor's face; perhaps he began to think he might have gone a little too far. Dr. Frost rang the bell and ordered Archie Hearn in.

"Which shop was Barrington in when you saw him on Saturday?" questioned the Doctor.

"The pastry-cook's," said Archie innocently. "He was eating tarts."

Well—it all came out then. And though Archie was entirely innocent of willfully telling tales, would have cut out his tongue rather than have said a word to harm Barrington, he got the credit for it now. Barrington took his punishment without a word: the hardest caning old Frost had given for many a long day, and heaps of work besides, and a promise of certain expulsion if he ever went off surreptitiously in gigs again. But Barrington thrashed Hearn worse when it was over, and branded him with the name of Tell-tale sneak.

"He'll never believe otherwise," said Archie, the tears of pain and mortification running down his cheeks, fresh and delicate as a girl's. "But I'd give the world not to have gone that afternoon to Evesham.

A week or two later we went in for a turn at "Hare and Hounds." Barrington's punishment was over then. Snepp was the hare: a fleet, wiry fellow who could outrun most of us. But the hare this time came to grief. After doubling and turning, as Snepp used to like to do, thinking to throw us off the scent, he sprained his foot, trying to leap a hedge and the dry ditch beyond it. We were on his trail, whooping and hallooing like mad; he kept quiet, and we passed on and never saw him. But there was no more scent (little pieces of white paper that Snepp had to let fall as he ran), and we saw we had lost it, and went back. Snepp showed himself then, and the sport was over for the day. Some went one way and some another; all of us were hot, and thirsting for water.

"If you'll turn down here by the great oak-tree, we shall come to my mother's house, and you can have as much water as you like," said little Hearn in his good-nature.

So we turned down. There were but six or seven of us, for Snepp and his damaged foot made one, and most of them had gone on at a quicker pace. Tod helped Snepp on one side, Barrington on the other, he limping along between them.

It was a narrow red-brick house, a parlor window on each side the door, and three windows above; small altogether, but very pretty with the jessamine and clematis climbing up the walls. Archie Hearn opened the door and we trooped in, without any regard to ceremony. Mrs. Hearn—she had the same delicate face that Archie had, the same rose-pink color, and bright brown eyes—came out of the kitchen to stare. As well she might. Her cotton gown sleeves were turned up to the elbows, her fingers were stained red, and she had a coarse kitchen cloth pinned round her. She was pressing black currants for jelly.

We got plenty of water. And Mrs. Hearn made Snepp sit down, and looked at his foot, and put a wet bandage round kneeling before him to do it. I thought I had never seen so nice a face as hers; very placid, with a kind of sad look in it. Old Betty, that Hearn used to talk about, appeared in a short blue petticoat and a sort of jacket of brown print. I have seen the homely servants in France, since, dressed very similar. Snepp thanked Mrs. Hearn for giving his foot relief, and we took off our hats to her as we went away.

That same night, before Blair called us in for prayers, Archie Hearn heard Barrington giving a sneering account of the visit to some of the fellows in the playground.

"Just like a cook, you know. Might be taken for one. Some coarse bunting tied round her middle, and hands steeped in kitchen stuff."

"My mother could never be taken for anything but a lady," spoke up Archie bravely. "A lady may make jelly. A great many of them prefer to do it."

"Now you be off," cried Barrington, turning on him sharply. "Keep at a distance from your betters."

"There's nobody in the world better than my mother," returned the boy, standing his ground. "Ask Joseph Todhetley what he thinks of her. Ask John Whitney. *They* recognize her for a lady."

"But then they are gentlemen themselves."

It was I put in that. I couldn't help having a fling at Barrington. A hit of applause followed, and it stung him.

"If you move in your oar, Johnny Ludlow, or presume to interfere with me, I'll pummel you to powder. There."

Barrington kicked out on all sides of him, sending us back. The bell rang for prayers then, and we had to go in.

The game the next evening was football. We went out to it as soon as tea was over, to the field by the river towards Vale Farm. I can't tell much about its progress, save that the play seemed rougher and louder than usual. Once there was a regular scrimmage: scores of feet kicking out at once; great struggling, and pushing, and shunting: and when the ball got off, and the tail after it in full hue and cry, one was left behind lying on the ground.

I don't know why I turned my head back; it was the merest chance. Tod was kneeling on the grass, raising the boy's head.

"Halloa!" said I, running back. "Anything amiss? Who is it?"

It was little Hearn. He had his eyes shut. Tod did not speak.

"What's the matter, Tod? Is he hurt?"

"Well, I think he's hurt a little," was Tod's answer. "He has got a kick here."

Tod touched the left temple with the point of his finger, and drew it down as far as the back of the ear, to indicate the part he meant. It must have been a good wide kick, I thought.

"It has stunned him, poor little fellow. Can you get some water from the river, Johnny?"

"I could if I had anything to bring it in. It would leak out of my hat long before I got here." For the hat was of straw.

But little Hearn made a move then, and opened his eyes. Presently he sat up, putting his hands to his head. Tod was so tender with him as a mother.

"How do you feel, Archie?"

"Oh, I'm all right, I think. A bit giddy."

Getting on his feet, he looked from me to Tod in a bewildered manner. I thought it odd. He said he'd not join the game again, but he would go in and rest. Tod went with him. Hearn walked all right, and did not seem to be much the worse for it.

"What's the matter now?" asked Mrs. Hall, in her cranky way; for she happened to be in the yard when they got in, Tod marshalling little Hearn by the arm.

"He has had a blow at football," answered Tod. "Here"—showing the place he had shown me.

"A kick, I suppose you mean," said Mother Hall.

"Yes, if you like to call it so. 'Twas a blow with a foot."

"Did you do it, Master Todhetley?"

"No I didn't," retorted Tod.

"I wonder the Doctor allows that foot-ball to be played!" she went on, grumbling. "I wouldn't, if I kept a school; I know that. It is a barbarous, cruel game, fit only for beasts."

"I am all right, put in Hearn. "I needn't have come in but for feeling giddy."

But he was not quite right yet. For without the slightest warning, before he had time to stir from where he stood, he became as sick as a dog. Hall ran for a basin and some warm water. Tod held his head.

"This is through having gobbled down your tea in such a mortal hurry to be off to that precious football," decided Hall resentfully. "The wonder is, that the whole crew of you are not sick, swallowing your food at the rate you do."

"I think I'll lie on the bed for a bit," said Archie, when the sickness had passed. "I shall be up again by supper time."

They went with him to his room. Neither of them had the slightest notion that he was hurt seriously, or that there could be any danger. Archie took off his jacket, and lay down in his other clothes. Mrs. Hall offered to bring him up a cup of tea; but he said it might make him sick again, and he'd rather be quiet. She went down, and Tod sat on the edge of the bed. Archie shut his eyes, and kept still. Tod thought he was dropping off to sleep, and began to creep out of the room. The eyes came open then, and Archie called to him.

"Todhetley?"

"I am here old fellow. What is it?"

"You'll tell him I forgive him," said Archie, speaking in an earnest whisper. "Tell him I know he didn't think to hurt me."

"Oh, I'll tell him," answered Tod.

"And be sure give my dear love to mamma."

"So I will."

"And now I'll go to sleep, or I shan't be down to supper. You'll come and call me if I'm not, wont you?"

"All right," said Tod, tucking the counterpane about him. "Are you comfortable, Archie?"

"Quite. Thank you."

Tod came on the field again, and joined the game. It was a little less rough, and there were no more mishaps. We got home later than usual, and the supper stood on the table.

The suppers at Worcester House were always the same. Bread and cheese. And not too much of it. Half a round off the loaf, with a piece of cheese, for each fellow; and a small drop of beer or water. Our other meals were good and plentiful; but the Doctor waged war with heavy suppers. If old Hall had had her way, we should have got none. Little Hearn did not appear; and Tod, biting at his bread and cheese, went up to look after him. I followed.

Opening the door without noise, we stood listening and looking. Not that there was much good in looking, for the room was in darkness then.

"Archie," whispered Tod.

No answer. No sound.

"Are you asleep, old fellow?"

Not a word still. The dead might be there, for all the sound there was.

"He's asleep, for certain," said Tod, groping his way towards the bed. "So much the better, poor little chap. I'll not wake him."

It was a small room, two beds in it. Archie's was the one at the end by the wall. Tod groped his way to it, and bent over him, touching his face, I think. Now that our eyes were accustomed to the darkness, it seemed a bit lighter.

Something like a shout from Tod made me start. It was but a kind of suppressed cry. But in the dark, and holding the breath, one gets startled easily.

"Get a light, Johnny. A light!—quick! for the love of heaven."

I believe I leaped the stairs at a bound. I believe I knocked over Mother Hall at the foot. I know I snatched the candle that was in her hand; and she screamed after me as if I had murdered her.

"Here it is, Tod."

He was at the door waiting for it, every atom of color gone clean out of his countenance. Carrying it to the bed, he let its light fall full on Archie Hearn. The face was white and cold; the mouth covered with froth.

"Oh Tod! What is it that's the matter with him?"

"Hush, Johnny! I fear he's dying. Good Lord! to think we should have been such ignorant fools as to leave him by himself!—as not to have sent for Featherston!"

We were down again in a moment. Hall stood scolding still at the top of her breath, demanding her candle. Tod said a word that stopped her. She backed against the wall, staring at him.

"Don't you play your tricks on me, Mr. Todhetley."

"Go and see," said Tod.

She took the light from his hand quietly, and went up. Just then, the Doctor and Mrs. Frost, who had been walking all the way home from Sir John Whitney's, where they had spent the evening, came in; and learnt what had happened.

Featherston was there in no time, so to say, and shut himself in the bed-room with the Doctor and Mrs. Frost and Hall, and I don't know how many more. Nothing could be done for Archibald Hearn: he was not quite dead, but close upon it. He was dead before anybody thought of sending to Mrs. Hearn. It came to the same. Had there been telegraph wires to send and bring her upon, she would have come too late.

When I look back upon that evening—and a good many years have gone by since, as if it had been in the beginning of the world—nothing arises in my mind but a picture of confusion, tinged with a feeling of dreadful sorrow; ay, and of horror. If a death happens in a school, it is generally kept from the pupils, so far as may be; at any rate they are not allowed to see any of the attendant stir and details. But this was different. Upon masters and boys, upon mistress and household, it came with the like startling shock. Dr. Frost said feebly that the boys ought to go up to bed, and then Blair told us to go; but the boys stayed on where they were. Hanging about the passages, stealing up stairs and peeping into the room, questioning Featherston (when we could get the chance to come upon him) whether Hearn would get well. Nobody checked us.

I went in once. Mrs. Frost was alone, kneeling by the bed; I thought she must have been saying a prayer. Just then she lifted her head to look at him. As I backed away again, she began to speak aloud!—and oh! what a sad tone she said it in!

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow!"

There had to be an inquest. It did not come to much. The most that could be said was, that he died from a kick at foot-ball. "A most unfortunate but accidental kick," quoth the coroner. Tod had said that he saw the kick given: that is, had seen some foot come flat down with a bang on the side of little Hearn's head; and when Tod was asked if he recognized the foot, he replied, No: for boots looked much alike, and there were a vast many out in the scrimmage, all kicking together.

Not one would own to having given it. For the matter of that, the fellow might not have been conscious of what he did. No end of thoughts glanced towards Barrington: both because he was so ferocious at the game, and that he had a spite against Hearn.

"I never touched him," said Barrington when this leaked out; and his face and voice were fearlessly defiant. "It wasn't me. I never so much as saw that Hearn was down."

And as there were others quite as brutal at football as Barrington, he was believed.

We could not get over it any way. It seemed so dreadful that he should have been left alone to die. Hall was chiefly to blame for that; and it cowed her.

"Look here," said Tod to us, "I have got a message for one of you. Whichever the cap fits may take it to himself. When Hearn was dying he told me to say that he forgave the fellow who kicked him."

This was the evening of the inquest-day. We had all gathered in the porch by the stone bench, and Tod took the opportunity to relate what he had not related before. He repeated every word that Hearn had said.

"Did Hearn know who it was, then?" asked John Whitney.

"I think so."

"Then why didn't you ask him to name?"

"Why didn't I ask him to name!" repeated Tod, in a fume. "Do you suppose I thought he was going to die, Whitney?—or that the kick was to turn out a serious one? Hearn was getting big enough to fight his own battles: and I never thought but he'd be up again at supper-time."

John Whitney pushed his hair back, in his quiet, thoughtful way, and said no more. He was to die, himself, the following year—

but that has nothing to do with the present matter.

I was standing away at the gate after this, looking at the sunset, when Tod came up and put his arms on the top bar.

"What are you gazing at, Johnny?"

"At the sunset. How red it is! I was thinking that if Hearn's up there now he's better off. It's very beautiful."

"I'd not like to have been the one to send him there, though," was Tod's answer. "Johnny, I am certain Hearn knew who it was," he went on in a low tone. "I am certain he thought the fellow, himself, knew, and that it had been done for the purpose. I think I know also."

"Tell us," I said. And Tod glanced over his shoulders, to make sure nobody was within hearing, before he replied.

"Wolfe Barrington."

"Why don't you accuse him, Tod?"

"It wouldn't do. And I'm not absolutely sure. What I saw, was this. In the rush one of them fell: I saw his head lying on the ground sideways. Before I could shout out to the fellows to take care, a boot with a gray trowser over it came stamping down (not kicking) on the side of the head. If ever anything was done deliberately, that stamp seemed to be; it could hardly have been accidental. I know no more than that: it all passed in a moment of time. I didn't *see* that it was Barrington. But—what other fellow is there among us who would have wilfully harmed little Hearn? It's that thought that brings me conviction."

I looked round to where a lot of them stood at a distance.

"Wolfe has got on gray trowsers, too."

"That does not tell much," returned Tod. "Half of us wear the same. Yours are gray; mine are gray. It's just this: While I am convinced in my own mind that it was Barrington, there's no sort of proof that it was, and he denies it. So it must rest, and die away. Keep counsel, Johnny."

The funeral took place from the school. All of us went to it. In the evening, Mrs. Hearn, who had been staying at the house, surprised us by coming into the tea-room. She looked very small in her black gown. Her thin cheeks were more flushed than usual, and her eyes had a mournful sadness in them.

"I wish to say good-by to you; and to shake hands with you before I go home," she began, in a kind tone. And we all got up from the table to face her.

"I thought you would like me to tell you that I feel sure it was quite an accident; that no harm was intended. My dear little son said this to Joseph Todhetley when he was dying; and, do you know, I fancy that some prevision of death must have lain then upon his spirit and caused him to say it, though he himself might not have been quite conscious of it. He died in love and peace with all; and, if he had anything to forgive—he forgave freely. I wish to let you know that I do the same. Only try to be a little less rough at play—and God bless you all. Will you shake hands with me?"

John Whitney went up to her first, meeting her offered hand.

"If it had been anything but an accident, Mrs. Hearn," he began, in a tone of deep feeling, "if any one of us had done it wilfully, I think, standing to hear you now, we should sink to the earth in our shame and contrition. You cannot regret Archibald much more than we do."

"In the midst of my grief, I know one thing: that God has taken him from a world of care to peace and happiness; I try to *rest* in that. Thank you all. Good-by."

Catching up her breath, she shook hands with us one by one, giving each a smile; but did not say more.

And the only one of us who did not feel her visit as it was meant, was Barrington. But he had no feeling: his body was too strong for it, his temper too fierce. He would have thrown a sneer of ridicule after her, but Whitney hissed it down.

Before another day had gone over, Barrington and Tod had a row. It was about a crib. Tod could be as overbearing as Barrington when he pleased, and he was cherishing a bad feeling towards him. They had it out in private—but it did not come to a fight. Tod was not one to keep in matters till they rankled, and he openly told Barrington that he believed it was he who had caused Hearn's death. Barrington denied it out-and-out; first of all swearing passionately that he had not, and then calming down to talk about it quietly. Tod felt less sure of it after that: as he confided to me in the bedroom.

Dr. Frost forbid football. And the time went on.

II.

What I have to relate further may be thought a made-up story, such as we read in fiction. It is so very like a case of retribution. But it is all true, and happened as I shall put it. And somehow I never care to dwell long upon the calamity.

It was as nearly as possible a year after Hearn died. Jessup was captain of the school, for John Whitney was too ill to come. Jessup was nearly as rebellious as Wolfe; and the two would ridicule Blair audaciously, and call him "Baked pie" to his face. One morning, when they had given no end of trouble to old Frost over their Greek, and laid the blame upon the hot weather, the Doctor said he had a great mind to keep them in till dinner-time. However, they eat humble-pie, and were allowed to escape. Blair was taking us for a walk. Instead of keeping with the ranks, Barrington and Jessup fell out, and sat down on the gate of a field where the wheat was being carried. Blair said they might sit there if they pleased, but forbid them to cross the gate. Indeed, there was a general and standing interdiction against our entering any field while the crops were being gathered. We went on, and left them.

Half an hour afterwards, before we got back, Barrington had been carried home, dying.

Dying, as was supposed. They had disobeyed Blair, disregarded orders, and rushed into the field, shouting and leaping like two mad fellows—as the laborers said afterwards. Making for the wagon, laden high with wheat, they mounted it, and started on the horses. In some way, Barrington lost his balance, slipped over the side, and the hind wheel went over him.

I shall never forget the house when we got home. Jessup, in his terror, had made off for his home, running all the way—seven miles. He was in the same coat as Wolfe, except that he escaped injury—had gone over in defiance of orders, and got on the wagon. Barrington was lying in the blue-room; and Mrs. Frost, frightened out of bed, stood on the landing in her night-cap, a shawl wrapped round her loose white dressing-gown. She was ill at the time. Featherston came striding up the road, wiping his hot face.

"Lord bless me!" cried Featherston, when he had looked at Wolfe and touched him. "I can't deal with this by myself, Dr. Frost."

The Doctor had guessed that. And Roger was already away on a galloping horse, flying to fetch another. It was little Pink he brought: a shrimp of a man, with a fair reputation in his profession. But the two were more accustomed to treat rustic ailments than grave cases, and Dr. Frost knew that. Evening drew on, and the dusk was gathering, when a carriage with post horses came thundering in at the front gates, bringing Mr. Carden.

They did not explain to us boys the particulars of the injuries; and I don't know them to this day. The spine was hurt; the right ankle smashed: we heard that much. Taptal, Barrington's guardian, came over, and an uncle from London. Altogether, it was a miserable time. The masters seized upon it to be extra stern, and read us lectures upon disobedience and rebellion—as if we had been the offenders! As to Jessup, his father handed him back again to Dr. Frost, saying that in his opinion a taste of birch would much conduce to his benefit.

Barrington did not seem to suffer as keenly as some might; perhaps his spirits kept him up, for they were untamed. On the very day after the accident, he asked for some of the fellows to go in and sit with him, because he was dull. By-and-by, the doctors said. And the next day but one, Dr. Frost sent in me. Me! The paid nurse sat at the end of the room.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Ludlow! Where's Jessup?"

"Jessup's under punishment."

His face looked the same as ever, and that was all of him that could be seen. He lay on his back, covered over. As to the low bed, it might have been a board, to judge by the flatness. And perhaps was

"I'm very sorry about it, Barrington. We all are. Are you in much pain?"

"Oh I don't know," was his impatient answer. "One has to grin and bear it. The cursed idiots had stacked the wheat sloping to the sides, or it would never have happened. What do you hear about me?"

"Nothing but regret that it—"

"I don't mean that stuff. Regret, indeed! regret won't undo it. I mean as to my getting about again. Will it be ages first?"

"We don't hear a word."

"If they were to keep me here a month, Ludlow, I should go mad. Rampant. You shut up, old woman."

For the nurse had interfered, telling him he must not excite himself.

"My ankle's hurt; but I believe it is not half as bad as a regular fracture: and my back's bruised. Well, what's a bruise? Nothing. Of course there's pain and stiffness, and all that; but so there is after a bad fight, or a thrashing. And they talk about my lying here for three or four weeks! Catch me."

One thing was evident: that they had not allowed Wolfe to suspect the gravity of the case. Down stairs we had an inkling, I don't remember whence gathered, that it might possibly end in death. There was a suspicion of some injury that we could not get to know of; inward, I think; and it was said that even Mr. Carden, with all his skill, could not get to it either. Any way, the prospect of recovery for Barrington was supposed to be of the scantiest; and it put a gloom upon us.

A sad mishap was to occur. Of course nobody in their senses would have let Barrington learn the danger he was in; especially while there was just a chance that the peril would be surmounted. I read a book lately—I, Johnny Ludlow—where a little child met with an accident; and the first thing the people around him did, father, doctors, nurses, was to inform him that he would be a cripple for the rest of his days. That was common sense with a vengeance, that was; and about as likely to occur in real life as that I could turn myself into a Dutchman. However, something of the kind did happen in Barrington's case, but through inadvertence. Another uncle came over from Ireland, an old man, and in talking with Featherston spoke out too freely. They were outside Barrington's door, and supposed he was asleep besides. But he had woke up then; and heard more than he ought. That blue-room always seemed to have an echo in it.

"So it's all up with me, Ludlow!"

I was by his bedside when he suddenly said this, in the gathering dusk of the summer's evening. He had been lying quite silent since I entered, and his face had a white, still look on it, never before noticed there.

"What do you mean, Barrington?"

"None of your shamming here. I know, and so do you, Johnny Ludlow. I say, though, it makes one feel queer to find the world's slipping away. I had looked for so much jolly *life* in it."

"Barrington, you may get well; you may, indeed. Ask Pink and Featherston, else, when they next come; ask Mr. Carden. I can't think what idea you have been getting hold of."

"There, that's enough," he answered. "Don't bother. I want to be quiet."

He shut his eyes; and the dusk grew greater as the minutes past. Presently some one came into the room with a gentle step; a lady in a black-and-white gown that didn't rustle. It was Mrs. Hearn. Barrington looked up at her.

"I am going to stay with you for a day or two," she said in a low, sweet voice, bending over him and touching his forehead with her cool fingers. "I hear you have taken a dislike to the nurse: and Mrs. Frost is really too weak just now to get about."

"She's a sly cat," said Barrington, alluding to the nurse; "she watches me out of the tail of her eye. Hall's as bad. They are in league together."

"Well, they shall not come in more than I can help. I'll nurse you myself."

"No; not you," said Barrington, his face looking red and uneasy. "I'll not trouble *you*."

She sat down in my chair, just pressing my hand in token of greeting. And I left them.

In the ensuing days his life trembled in the balance: and even when part of the more immediate danger was surmounted, part of the worst of the pain, it was still a toss-up. Farrington had no hope whatever: I don't think Mrs. Hearn had either.

She hardly left him. At first, he seemed to resent her presence; to wish her away; to receive what she did for him unwillingly: but, in spite of himself, he grew to look round for her, and to let his hand lie in hers whenever she chose to take it.

Who can tell what she said to him? Who can know how she softly and gradually awoke the good feelings within him, and won his heart from its brazen hardness? She did do it, and that's enough. The way was paved for her. What the accident had not done, the fear of death had. Tamed him.

One evening when the sun had sunk, leaving only its light fading in the western sky, and Barrington had been watching it from his bed, he suddenly burst into tears. Mrs. Hearn, busy amidst the physic bottles, was by his side in a moment.

"Wolfe!"

"It's very hard to have to die."

"Hush, my dear, you are not worse: a little better. I think you may be spared; I do indeed. And—in any case—you know what I read to you this evening: that to die is gain."

"Yes, for some. I've never had my thoughts turned that way."

"They are turned now. That's quite enough."

"It is such a little while to have lived," went on Barrington, after a pause. "Such a little while to have enjoyed earth. What are my few years compared to the ages that have gone by, to the ages and ages that are to come? Nothing. Not as much as a single drop of water to the wide ocean."

"Wolfe, dear, if you live out the allotted years of man, three score and ten, what would even that be in comparison? As you say—nothing. It seems to me that our well-being or ill-being here need not much concern us: the days, whether short or long, will pass as a dream. Eternal life lasts for ever: soon we must all be departing for it."

Wolfe made no answer. The clear sky was assuming its pale tints, blue, green, orange, shading off one into another, a beautiful opal, and his eyes were looking out at it. But as if he saw nothing.

"Listen, my dear. When Archibald died, *I* thought I should have died; died of grief and aching pain. I grieved to think how short had been his span of life on this fair earth; how cruel his fate in being taken from it so early. But, oh, Wolfe, God has shown me my mistake. I would not have him back again if I could."

Wolfe put up his hand to cover his face. Not a word spoke he.

"I wish you could see things as I see them now that they have been cleared for me," she resumed. "It is so much better to be in Heaven than on earth. We, who are here, have to battle with many cares and crosses; and shall have to the end. Archie has thrown all care off. He is in happiness amidst the redeemed."

The room was getting darker; the sky's opal tints came out brighter. Wolfe's face was one of intense pain.

"Wolfe, dear, don't mistake me; don't think me hard if I say you would be happier there than here. There is nothing to dread, dying in Christ. Believe me, I would not for the world have Archie back again: how could I make sure then what the eventual ending would be? You and he will know each other up there."

"Don't," said Wolfe.

"Don't what?"

Wolfe pulled her hand close to his face and she knelt down to catch his whisper.

"I killed him."

A pause: and a kind of sob in her throat. Then, drawing away her hand, she laid her cheek to his.

"My dear, I think I have known it."

"You—have—known—it?" stammered disbelieving Wolfe.

"Yes. I thought it was likely. I felt nearly sure. Don't let it trouble you now. Archie forgave, you know—and I forgave: and God will forgive."

"How could you come here to nurse me—knowing that?"

"It made me the more anxious to come. You have no mother."

"No." Wolfe was sobbing bitterly. "She died when I was born. I've never had anybody. I've never had a chapter read to me, or a prayer prayed."

"No, no, dear. And Archie—oh, Archie had all that. From the time he could speak, I tried to train him for Heaven. It has seemed to me, since, just as though I had foreseen he would go early, and was preparing him for it."

"I never meant to kill him," sobbed Wolfe. "I saw his head down there, and I sent my foot upon it without a moment's thought. If I had taken thought, or known it would hurt him seriously, I'd not have done it."

"He is better off, dear," was all she said. "You have that comfort."

"Any way, I am paid out for it. At the best, I suppose I shall go upon crutches for life. That's bad enough: but dying's worse. Mrs. Hearn, I'm not ready."

"Be you very sure God will not take you until you are are ready, if you only wish and hope to be made so from your very heart," she whispered. "I am praying to Him often for you, Wolfe."

"I think you must be one of Heaven's angels," said Wolfe, with a burst of emotion.

"No, dear: only a weak woman. I have had so much sorrow and care, trial upon trial, one disappointment after another, that it has left me nothing but Heaven to lean upon. Wolfe, I am trying to show you a little bit of the way there: and I think—I do indeed—that this accident, which seems, and is, so dreadful, may have been sent by God in mercy. Perhaps, else, you might never have found Him: and where would you have been in all that long, long eternity that has to come? A few years here: millions of never ending ages hereafter—oh, Wolfe? Bear up bravely for the little span, even though the cross be heavy. Fight on manfully for the real life."

"If you'll help me."

"To be sure I will."

III.

Wolfe got about again, and came out upon crutches. After awhile they were discarded, first one, then the other, and he took to a stick permanently. He would never go without that. He would never run or leap again, or kick much either. The doctors looked upon it as a wonderful cure—and old Featherston was apt to talk to us boys as if it were he who had pulled him through it. But not in Henry Carden's hearing.

The uncles and Taptal said he'd be better now at a private tutor's. But Wolfe would not leave Dr. Frost's. A low pony carriage was bought for him, and all his spare time he'd go driving over to Mrs. Hearn's. He was as a son to her. His great animal spirit had been taken out of him, you see; and he had to find his happiness in quieter grooves. One Saturday afternoon he drove me over. Mrs. Hearn had asked me to stay with her until the Monday morning. Barrington generally stayed.

It was in November. Considerably more than a year after the accident. The guns of the sportsmen were heard in the wood; a pack of hounds and their huntsmen rode past the cottage at a gallop, in full chase after a late find. Barrington looked and listened, a sigh escaping him.

"These pleasures are barred to me now."

"But a better one has been opened to you," said Mrs. Hearn, with a meaning smile, as she took his hand to hold.

And on Wolfe's face, when he glanced at her in answer, there sat a look of satisfied rest, that I am sure had never been seen on it before he fell off the wagon.

The Rights of Ghosts.

It appears, after all, that ghosts *do* have rights which men are bound to respect. In England the protecting ægis of the law has been cast around phantoms.

At Huddersfield a medical gentleman was lately called up at three o'clock in the morning to attend a patient, and, the case being urgent, he hurried off, loosely clad in a dressing gown. While flitting through the streets at that untimely hour he was noticed by several belated youths, who promptly concluded that he was a ghost; and the midnight doctor, by certain appalling utterances and ghostly motions of the arms, rather encouraged the idea. Determined to put an end to the wanderings of unwelcome spirits, the Huddersfield youths attacked the supposed phantom and gave him a severe drubbing. They were subsequently summoned before a magistrate, who fined them each five pounds, and took the bold ground that even had the unlucky physician been like Hamlet's father, "an honest ghost," he had as much right to the streets as other people, and should be protected from assault and battery. This decision will serve as a precedent, and haunted streets will probably soon become as numerous as haunted houses.

☞ HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—Paris and 'L. N. have again been separated.—*Punchinello.*

☞ One of the most important rules of the science of manners, is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.

☞ Some of the fair sex have hearts as brittle as glass. He that would leave impressions must use diamonds.

☞ "How do I look, Pompey?" said a young dandy to his servant, as he finished dressing. "Elegant, Massa. You look as bold as a lion." "Bold as a lion, Pompey? How do you know? you never saw a lion." "O yes, Massa, I seed one down to Massa Jenks's, in his stable." "Down at Jenks's, Pompey? Why, you great fool, Jenks hasn't got a lion; that's a jackass!" "Can't help it, Massa; you look just like him."

☞ The speeches of a certain rather airy orator are called gas fixtures.

☞ Artemus Ward said that he thought it rather improved a comic paper to print a joke now and then.

☞ One of the papers contains as an advertisement: "Lost, a large black silk umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a curiously-carved ivory head."

☞ WAR.—Byron truthfully and terribly characterizes war as

"All that the mind would shrink from of excesses;
All that the body perpetrates of bad:
All that we read, hear, dream of man's distresses;
All that demons would do if run stark mad;
All that defies the worst that tongue expresses;
All by which hell is peopled, or as bad
As hell."

☞ A funny thing happened at a Presbyterian church the other day. The new steam heating apparatus was in use for the first time; and, after service, one lady, meeting an elder in the isle, said: "That boiler ain't under our seat is it?" "No," was the reply; "it is under the pulpit platform." "Well, if it blows up, we shall have a good man to go ahead of us," was the reply.

☞ In Germany there are upwards of 25,000 widows and 120,000 fatherless children, in consequence of the losses in the Landwehr corps alone, which is composed chiefly of married men.

☞ Cows are on a strike in the Southern states, because the people are using pea-nut oil as a lubricator for bread, instead of butter.

☞ The Pope, on being asked what part of Rome his Holiness intended keeping, replied: "Vat-I-can."

☞ The business men of Davenport are poetical geniuses. One of them has out the following literary gem as a sign:

"Here lives a man who never refuses,
To mend all sorts of boots and shooses."

☞ Is it true that there is poetical inspiration in tea, coffee, and such mild stimulants? Certainly it is. There is the case of Edgar A. Poe, for instance. A little *t* would have made Edgar A. Poet.

☞ The following sentence of only thirty-four letters contains all the letters in the alphabet:—"John quickly extemporized five tow bags."

☞ When General Banks was making a public speech recently, his voice suddenly failed him, and an irreverend bystander cruelly remarked; "Another one of the national banks busted."

☞ Salt Lake City, by the new census, has 18,545 inhabitants, against 8,236 in 1860.

☞ The well known Boston publishing firm of Fields, Osgood & Co., at the beginning of the year becomes James R. Osgood & Co., Mr. James T. Fields retiring.

☞ "My inkstand is stationary," as the schoolmaster said, when he found it nailed to his desk.

☞ WORK FOR THE DOCTORS.—Our doctors are promised plenty of work, if present fashions prevail. The ladies go with their dresses turned away at the throat sufficiently to allow a current of air to play constantly over the lungs. The result of this imprudent style of dress must be an alarming increase of lung diseases, colds, and coughs, many of which may lead to consumption. To fashion, indeed, are due about half the ills to which mankind is heir.

☞ COLORADO.—Governor McCook, in his address at the Territorial Fair, last month, answers the inquiries now coming from the East in the following eloquent words:—"We have everything here to invite men who wish to make their homes in the new west to come and dwell with us. We have the climate of Italy and soil rich as the Delta of the Nile. Our glorious mountains—ribbed with gold and silver, and the most beautiful in the world—carry, as the Arab proverb says of Lebanon, winter on their heads, spring upon their shoulders, and harvest in their bosoms, while summer sleeps at their feet.

THE TWO DOVES.

O Dove, that in the young Earth's day of doom,
When the Heaven's floodgates stood no longer wide,
Loosed from the Ark, a white gleam on the gloom,
With weary wing sought land above the tide—
Though long and lone thy flight, a happier quest
Was thine, O Dove, than that wherron they speed,
Thy progeny, that o'er Earth's blood-stained breast,
From Paris wing their way, in her last need.

Thy quest was gained, the foot's-breadth of dry land,
A patch of green above the waters gray,
Where branch to rest on, twig to pluck, might stand,
Which won, thou couldst wing back thy happy way.
But these—in vain some point of ruth they seek,
Rising above Hate's sea of blood and fire,
Nor find one spray, green still, 'mid flood and wreck,
Of Peace's Olive, that crowned *thy* desire!

ROTHERMEL'S "BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG."

The ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling of Rothermel's great picture of the battle of Gettysburg at the Academy of Music, on the evening of the 20th of December, were witnessed by a large audience. At half-past eight o'clock Hassler's military band began to play a number of popular airs. During this part of the ceremony Generals Meade, Sherman and others entered the Academy, and were loudly applauded.

The picture was then presented to the audience, and the roll of drums and crash of cymbals in the military march that accompanied the unveiling added to the enthusiasm.

After a few minutes were given to an inspection of the painting, Mr. Joseph Harrison, Jr., delivered a short address. Alluding to its composition the speaker said: "It is no partial picture. Union soldier and Confederate have full justice done them. Like two sturdy athletes, well matched, the contending hosts met. I will prophesy that so long as this canvas holds together, and these colors remain unfaded, our countrymen, North and South, East and West, will have a just pride in this picture. They will be glad that the battle was fought, and they will rejoice that the 'Pinch of the Fight' ended as it did. For here our Union was saved, and here we were preserved a nation. *Esto perpetua.*"

General Meade was called upon, and he responded briefly, as follows:—"I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the compliment in calling upon me this evening. I feel that here I am but a spectator with yourselves. We are assembled to-night to do honor to the artist who has there portrayed the great battle of the war. I take occasion to bear my testimony to the truth and fidelity of that picture. When I first met Mr. Rothermel, and learned that he was to paint the battle of Gettysburg, I said to him that *I thought he had almost as hard a task before him as we had to win the battle.* If you will reflect for a moment, that the battle covered a space of over twenty miles, that it lasted for three days, that it had involved in it over 200,000 men—when you came to think of putting this in a space of 32 by 18 feet, you will see that there was a great deal for the artist to do.

"He has with great judgment selected a scene which has enabled him to show all the terrible features of a great battle. In selecting that there were many considerations not known to most of you, but known to me, which embarrassed him. He was perfectly ignorant of the scenes which occur in battle and of all its details. He had also to depend upon the memory of witnesses, which cannot be done safely.

"The only error which I know the artist to have made is that he has got me in that picture, for, strictly speaking, I ought not to be there. I was on the field, of course, but when I rode up to the position in which he has placed me on that picture, the enemy had turned. I noticed my friend General Sherman looking very strongly at that picture, evidently wanting to know the rationale of it. I will therefore occupy a few moments in giving you some account of it."

Gen. Meade then proceeded to relate the particular juncture in the course of the battle which the artist has selected for his subject. He said that the hand to hand conflict, as represented in the painting, really did occur, but it lasted for a few moments only, as 2,600 of the enemy laid down their arms and surrendered, and the 20,000 who charged upon the centre of our army were driven back. He further stated that Mr. Rothermel had spent four years and a half upon this painting, and had carefully selected many of the characters who really took part in this conflict, and had portrayed their features accurately upon the canvas.

General Meade then explained the position of the line of battle and the incidents depicted on canvas, and concluding, said:—I think this picture shows more of a story than any battle-piece I have ever seen or heard of. [Applause.] It represents not only the men and officers in fierce combat, but it gives the sad realities of war—the dead and the dying—a terrible picture, and one the moral of which I trust will not be forgotten. War is not to be encouraged unless circumstances compel us to engage, and looking at this picture all will join in the prayer, "God preserve us from another war."

General Sherman then responded to a call for a speech. He hoped that every state Legislature would do as Pennsylvania has done, and order a painting of the battle of Gettysburg by a native artist. He called attention to the important lesson which this delineation of the terrible features of war should impress upon the young.

Mr. Rothermel, the artist, is a resident of this city. He was introduced to the audience early in the evening and loudly applauded.

Mr. Murdoch concluded the ceremony by reading Mr. Janvier's poem of "The Battle of Gettysburg."

☞ There is said to be a little colony of fishermen on the outskirts of Gloucester, Mass., where the English language is not spoken. The people are Portuguese.

☞ A one-legged young woman in Chicago advertises for a husband similarly situated, in order that he may wear the odd shoes of the pairs she buys.

Meat for Men, Milk for Babes.

I wish that an early supper of some easily digested food, followed by a lively romp before going to bed, could take the place of the late and hearty evening meal of which I see so many of the little ones partaking.

What can people be thinking of who impose such burdens upon the infantile stomach? The nocturnal moanings and groanings from the trundle bed, to which I have more than once been a pained listener, are so many protests against such cruelty.

"I want my child to eat as good as I do myself," says the well-meaning though foolishly inconsiderate father; and so, regardless of existing differences, the little "four-year old" is not only allowed to eat the same as grown people do, but often urged to eat and drink that for which he has no natural appetite, and which is positively injurious in more ways than one. The birthright for the mess of pottage was ever a sad story to me.

I verily believe that many parents estimate a child's health and general well being by the amount of miscellaneous provision he seems inclined to gorge himself with. The hourly call for "something to eat" is oftener the unnatural craving of an overtasked stomach than the demand of healthy hunger.

I once heard two fond mothers comparing the gastronomic capabilities of their darlings in this wise:

"My boy," says the first, "has *et* (eaten) pork and potatoes ever since he was six months old." And she looked proudly at her pug-nosed, round-eyed little cub, whose idiotic expression corroborated her words.

"Lizzie can tell hyson-skin or imperial tea as quick as I can," said the other. "And she always wants two or three cups at a meal—strong, without milk or sugar." Then she smiled serenely upon a weird-looking girl of nine, who, too ill to be in school, was devouring one of Sylvanus Cobb's sensationals.

But how long is this wholesale massacre of defenceless childhood to continue? Why, till the relation of food to the body and mind is more perfectly understood than it is now. With the exception of prize fighters and a few others whose calling is equally useful, I believe there are not many individuals who consider the subject deserving of notice. Perhaps we, who regard ourselves a trifle higher in the social scale, might pick up considerable useful information from our pugilistic brothers, who understand so well what kind of food produces the most fight. Such knowledge in domestic life must be invaluable; for generally speaking, combativeness is too well fed, even in the homes of the civilized and enlightened.

A Dangerous Practice.

It ought to be known that the practice employed by some of unsoldering the tops of fruit-cans by means of heat, is attended with danger. The Providence Press says that the following singular accident recently took place in the kitchen of a gentleman of that city:—

While the cook was getting dinner she placed a can of tomato-soup upon the range to warm, as she had been in the habit of doing, with live-coals upon the little round cover in the top of the can for the purpose of melting the solder. Instead of the solder melting as usual, however, the can in a few moments exploded with a loud report, blowing a part of it across the room, scattering scalding soup in all directions, and over everything—ceiling, walls, and freshly-ironed clothes, and hurling live-coals about the floor, and even as far off as upon a table on the opposite side of the kitchen. The cook, who, fortunately, was not near the range, and who was the only person in the room at the moment, was severely scalded in the face and upon the neck and arms, by the flying soup.

The proper way to open such cans is to cut out the top. Our inventors have provided very simple and handy implements for this purpose.

New Inventions.

Forks were first known in Italy toward the end of the fifteenth century. It was a hundred years before they came into use in France, and nearly a hundred more before they had travelled as far northward as Scotland. Their introduction into England was at first ridiculed as a piece of affectation and effeminacy. In one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, "your fork-carving traveller" is spoken of with contempt, and Ben Jonson, too, joined in the laugh against them. In repeated instances the progress of inventions has been thus resisted by the popular clamor, and even opposed by popular violence. The first man who appeared with an umbrella in the streets of London drew down upon himself a pelting shower of mud and stones, which was worse than the rain against which he had spread the new-fangled protection. The old way of making boards was by splitting up the logs with wedges: and clumsy as the method was, it was no easy matter to persuade the world that there was a better. Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century. In 1663 a Dutchman built one in England, but the public outcry against it was so vehement that he was soon obliged to decamp; and, for the next hundred years, no one ventured to repeat the experiment. In 1768 a rash adventurer began to erect another mill, but a mob gathered at once and tore it down.

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.

"What a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pool; "do you hear those geese how they scream and hiss? What do they do it for?"

"Oh, just to amuse themselves," answered a little field mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owls hooting, what is *that* for?"

"It's the music they like best," said the mouse.

"And those grasshoppers, they can't go home without grinding and chirping; why do they do that?"

"Oh, they're so happy they can't help it," said the mouse.

"You find excuses for all; I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet in my ears compared with the constant croaking of a frog!"

☞ The Senate has confirmed Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Great Britain.

☞ It is thought by the parties who have the matter in charge, that neither of the broken Atlantic cables can be repaired until next June.

Economical Living.

In the recent work of Dio Lewis he gives an account of one week in which the sum total expended for his food was 54½ cents. Two days out of the seven he indulged in a beef stew, the meat for which each time cost exactly two cents, and he says "there was really enough for two of us!" As for the other days, the *carte* for a couple of them will give an idea of all:

"Sunday breakfast, boiled Southern corn, with a little milk. My breakfast cost three cents. I took exactly the same thing for dinner. Food for the day, six cents. I never take any supper.

"Tuesday breakfast, two cents' worth of beans, with half a cent's worth of vinegar. For dinner, one quart of rich bean porridge worth one cent, with four slices of coarse bread, worth two cents. Food for Tuesday, five and a half cents."

In conclusion, Dr. Lewis remarks:

"Of course I don't pretend that everybody can live in this luxurious way. It isn't everybody that can afford it. I could have lived just as well, so far as health and strength are concerned, on half the money. Besides, on three days I ate too much altogether, and suffered from thirst and dullness. But then I may plead that my habits are very active. Not only have I written forty odd pages of this book during the week, but I have done a large amount of hard muscular labor."

☞ In Norwich, Connecticut, they have started "leather weddings." Leather of course furnished by the "two soles with but a single thought."

☞ Treasurer Spinner reports that $117,000 "conscience money" has been received at the U. S. Treasury the past year. [Probably this should be $117.]

☞ A female lecturer said:—"Get married young men, and be quick about it. Don't wait for the millenaium, for the girls to become angels. You'd look well beside an angel, wouldn't you, you blockheads?"

☞ Forty miles an hour is about the average speed for fast trains in England.

☞ Dr. Darwin's anticipation of the locomotive, in his "Botanic Garden," published in 1791, before any locomotive had been invented, was truly prophetic:—

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, and drive the rapid car."

☞ Steel ear-rings are very fashionable.

☞ The custom of exhibiting bridal presents at wedding receptions is no longer general.

☞ The medical school in Iowa City has a dog with a syphon pipe let into his stomach. By its aid gastric juice can be obtained for experiments, and other curious physical phenomena can be shown, such as opening the end and allowing the dog to drink, which, as the fluid runs out as fast as taken in, he will do till he lies down exhausted. The canine is in good health, and this abnormal insight to his kitchen department doesn't seem to trouble him.

☞ A little girl, delighted at the singing of the bobolink, asked her mother: "What makes him sing so sweetly—does he eat flowers?"

☞ We will not have heaven beyond the grave unless we take it there.—*Frederic R. Marvin.*

☞ The professor of physics having requested that some man should go to the President's office on an errand, nearly the whole class rose to their feet. The professor's question, "How many of you do you think it takes to make a man?" quickly brought them to their seats again.

☞ A poor-law guardian in Ireland commenced his oration thus:—"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Board, the eyes of Europe are upon us. The apple of discord has been flung in our midst, and if it be not nipped in the bud it will burst into a conflagration which will deluge the world."

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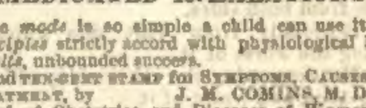

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Difference Between a Violin and a Fiddle.

Half a century ago, or less, the somewhat facitious Reverend Dr. Pond dwelt in the quiet and out-of-the-way village of A——, in the state of steady habits. The doctor's ideas were liberal—much more so than many of his congregation; nevertheless, he kept on the even tenor of his way, and disregarded the prejudices of some of his people. He had a son named Enoch, who at an early age manifested a remarkable talent for music, which the father cherished and cultivated with care. In the same village resided an antiquated maiden lady, who, having no cares of her own to occupy her time and attention, magnanimously devoted herself to those of her neighbors. One morning she called at the doctor's and requested to see him. When he entered the room where she was seated, he perceived at a glance that something was amiss, and before he had time to extend her the usual "How d'ye do?" she added,—

"I think, Dr. Pond, that a man of your age and profession might have had something better to do, when you were in New London last week, than to buy Enoch a *fiddle*; all the people are ashamed that our minister should buy his son a *fiddle!* Oh, dear, what is the world coming to, when ministers will do such things?"

"Who told you he had a fiddle?" inquired the doctor.

"Who told me? Why, everybody says so, and some people have heard him play on it as they passed the door. But ain't it true, doctor?"

"I bought Enoch a violin when I went to New London."

"A violin? what's that?"

"Did you never see one?"

"Never."

"Enoch!" said the doctor, stepping to the door, "bring your violin here."

Enoch obeyed the command, but no sooner had he entered with his instrument than the old lady exclaimed:

"La! now; there; why, it is a fiddle!"

"Do not judge rashly," said the doctor, giving his son a wink; "wait till you hear it."

Taking the hint, Enoch played Old Hundred. The lady was completely mystified; it looked like a fiddle, but then who had ever heard Old Hundred played on a fiddle? It could not be. So, rising to depart, she exclaimed, "I am glad I came in to satisfy myself. Law me! just to think how people will lie!"

[The Blessings of Neutrality.

1. The first blessing of being a neutral power is to be subjected to any quantity of abuse from both sides.

2. Especially from that side which is getting the worst of it.

3. Not forgetting the other side, which is not getting the worst of it.

4. That the subjects of the said neutral power shall be convicted as spies when and wherever they may set their feet within the boundaries of the belligerent nations.

5. That in some cases the arrest shall be followed by shooting-matches, the subjects of the said neutral power forming the target.

6. Or hanging them.

7. That if the neutral power shall attempt to mediate between the two belligerents, it shall be told to mind its own business by both sides.

8. That it shall be threatened with ultimate demolition by both belligerents when their pleasant slaughter-party is over.

9. That insults of cowardice and ingratitude shall also be hurled by both belligerents at the neutral power, who shall meekly put up with the same.

10. That the neutral power shall be requested by one of the belligerents to violate its own laws for the benefit of the said belligerent, and the consequent disadvantage of the other.

11. That upon its refusal so to do, it shall also be threatened with annihilation at the conclusion of the war.

12. *And lastly*, That the only real blessing of the neutral power is the fact that it is not at war, and has the privilege of thinking how much better it is off than those who are.—*Punch.*

Passing on an Insult.

We find in the Gentleman's Magazine an anecdote of George IV., which is said to be new in print: At a small dinner-party at Carlton House Colonel Hamlyn, one of the boon companions of the Prince, to'd a story which, like most of the stories of the Regency, was more distinguished by its point than its propriety. When Colonel Hamlyn had finished it, the "First Gentleman in Europe" filled his glass and threw its contents into his guest's face, saying, "Hamlyn, you're a blackguard." What was the Colonel to do? To challenge the Regent was treason; and yet to return the insult in kind was to take a course which must have compelled the Prince, as a gentleman, to challenge the Colonel, or to ask some one to take up the quarrel for him. And yet to sit still was impossible. Colonel Hamlyn solved the difficulty by filling his glass, and throwing the wine into the face of his next companion. "His Royal Highness's toast; pass it on!" This was wit in action. It sealed Colonel Hamlyn's friendship with George IV. "Hamlyn," he said, with a slap on the shoulder, "you're a capital fellow. Here's a toast to you."

The Maple Sugar Orchard.

The vernal freshness with which the countryman falls into city traps and swindles is often fully matched by the ignorance of the city man when dealing with rural matters.

A wealthy citizen was recently about purchasing a farm near Stowe, Vt., on which was a large maple sugar "orchard," the occupancy of this for the coming year being the only disputed condition of the sale.

B., the sharp attorney for the seller, suggested that the parties should divide as to time, the purchaser using the sugar orchard from June to November, and the seller for the remainder of the year.

The city-man, with a knowledge only of the time when fruit orchards are productive, eagerly agreed to this arrangement, and closed the contract. The chuckling Vermonters will look with interest to see how much sugar he takes from his "orchard" next summer.

EARTH's crammed with Heaven,
And every common bush a-fire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes—
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries.
—*E. B. Browning.*

THE WAR CHART.

"What place are you looking for?"

"Well, I've been reading a good deal lately, and I've heard a good deal about Anarchy in France, but I can't find it anywhere on the map."

TO A LADY, WHO ASKED PROFESSOR WHEWELL FOR A CYPHER.

You 0 a 0, but I 0 thee,
O 0 no 0, but O 0 me.
O let then thy 0 my 0 be
And give back 0 0 I 0 thee.

ANSWER TO THE CYPHER.

You sigh for a cypher, but I sigh for thee,
O, sigh for no cypher, but, O, sigh for me.
O let, then, thy sigh for my cypher be,
And give back sigh for sigh—for I sigh for thee!

Past and Present Fashions.

I am an old woman, Mr. Editor, (writes a correspondent of Lippincott's Magazine) but I am not the least conservative after the manner of my kind. I have a weakness for the ways and fashions of the hour, and can smile cheerfully upon my eldest granddaughter when she appears before me crepee, panieree and flounced to the height of the mode. She looks pretty, and I confess the fact. As long as she neither paints her face nor dyes her hair, I can see no harm in her dainty and fantastic attire. Girls did not dress so in my day, to be sure. But then, in my day steamboats were scarce, and railroads and telegraphs were not. I should as soon yearn after a journey by stage-coach and canal-boat as to desire to see the young girls of the period attired in calico, with their hair combed tightly over their ears. Nor did I ever dress in that simple, be-praised and unesthetic fashion myself. The mute evidence of my portrait, painted when I was just twenty-two, proves to me that I wore a black silk dress, a lace cape and sundry articles of jewelry, and that I built up my hair into a most astonishing edifice of puffs and bows, three times more difficult to construct than a modern chignon would be. I like the charming little concoctions of lace and ribbons and flowers which we call bonnets, and which replace the satin cart-wheels of my girlhood. I like duplex elliptics, and do not sigh after the days when a fashionable lady could with difficulty step across a gutter by reason of the narrowness of her skirts. I like street-cars and railroads and telegraphs and gas-lamps and furnace fires. I took laughing-gas the other day to have a tooth extracted. I paid forty dollars last month for a new chignon (gray hairs being expensive, you see); and I must own that I think the dress of the present day infinitely more comfortable, sensible and healthful than were the styles in vogue almost forty years ago. Thin slippers and open-worked stockings and low-necked dresses, with embroidered muslin capes for street wear, scanty, tightly-cut and insufficient clothing at all times, and gigantic and cumbersome head-gear, have been replaced by the short skirts, thick Balmoral boots, warm outer garments and jaunty hats of the now reigning fashions. Our bonnets used to be horizontal cart-wheels, and our hats perpendicular ones, both adorned with forests of feathers and gardens of roses of preternatural bigness. And to-day I can put two bonnets in my little trunk when I go to New York to pay my eldest son a visit, and yet have abundant space for all the rest of my clothing besides.

The Folly of It.

In a speech by Mr. Milner Gibson, in 1856, when the terms of peace were discussed in the British Parliament, at the close of the Crimean war, the following letter of Sydney Smith was quoted, with effect: "For God's sake, do not drag me into another war! I am worn down and worn out with crusading and defending Europe and protecting mankind; I must think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards; I am sorry for the Greeks; I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed; I do not like the present state of the Delta; Thibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with shame and sorrow. Am I to be the champion of the decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequences will be that we shall cut each other's throats. No war, dear Lady Grey!—no eloquence; but apathy, self-love, common sense, arithmetic! I beseech you, secure Lord Grey's sword and pistols, as the housekeeper did Don Quixote's armor. If there is another war, life will not be worth having. * * * May the vengeance of Heaven overtake all the legitimates of Verona! but in the present state of rents and taxes they must be left to the vengeance of Heaven. I allow fighting in such a cause to be a luxury; but too business of a prudent, sensible man is to guard against luxury." There is sober truth, as well as wit and subdued humor, in this epistle.

The Origin of Phrases.

The saying, "To leave no stone unturned," may be traced to a response of the Delphic oracle given by to Polycrates as the best means of finding a treasure buried by one of Xerxes's generals on the field of Platea.

"Every man the architect of his own fortune," is ascribed to Appius Claudius Cæcus, the earliest Roman writer whose name has come down to us. In B. C. 312, he began the celebrated "Appian Way" from Rome to Capua.

Of the very common saying, "Where the shoe pinches," Plutarch relates the story of a Roman being divorced from his wife. This person being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded "Was she not chaste? was she not fair?" holding out his shoe, asked them whether it was not new and well made; "yet," added he, "none of you can tell where it pinches me."

The saying, "When at Rome do as the Romans do," is said to have arisen in this wise: St. Augustin was in the habit of dining upon Saturday as on Sunday, but being puzzled by the different practices then prevailing (for they had begun to fast at Rome on Saturday) he consulted St. Ambrose on the subject. Now, at Milan they did not fast on Saturday, but the answer of the Milan saint was, "When I am here I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome I do fast on Saturday."

The Spectator says that Tobias Hobson was the first man in England that let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse he was taken into the stable where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door, so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance; from whence it became a proverb when what ought to be your selection was forced upon you, to say "Hobson's choice."

Macaulay says that King Charles II. often remained in Parliament while his speech was taken into consideration. The debates amused his sated mind, and were sometimes, he used to say, "as good as a play."

The expression, "Steal my thunder," is familiar, and Disraeli accounts for it. The actors refused to perform one of John Dennis's tragedies to empty houses, but they retained some excellent thunder which Dennis had invented, and rolled it one night when Dennis was in the pit, and it was applauded. Suddenly starting up, he cried to the audience, "They won't act my tragedy, but they steal my thunder."

AGRICULTURAL.

Roads and Road-making.

Of primary importance to the civil as well as military power of any country are good public thoroughfares. Rapidity and cheapness in transportation are vital necessities to commercial prosperity, and in time of war the safety of a nation may depend upon the state of her roads. These facts have long been recognized, and hence the perfection of roads has been a problem to which engineers have in all ages assiduously applied themselves. The importance of even a slight advance in improvement has kept alive interest in this department of engineering, and century after century has elapsed without the perfect ideal being considered as yet reached.

That this is true is proved by a very brief review of the Patent Office records, in which patents for various compositions for road surfaces, and for methods of road-building, constitute every year a notable number of the patents applied for and issued.

Probably the most remarkable success ever yet achieved by any one system was that which attended and still attends the macadam road. Notwithstanding its expensive character, it to-day covers more surface in Europe than any other. In America, except in the vicinity of large towns, this road is not much employed, the comparative sparseness of the population and the small amount of travel in rural districts not warranting the cost of its construction and maintenance.

There are few circumstances under which this road is not admirably adapted to town and country thoroughfares. It has a smooth surface after it has been a little used, and affords an admirable foothold for horses. It is expeditiously laid, and perhaps demands as little expense for care and maintenance as any other capable of equal endurance and service.

It is now fifty years or thereabout since Macadam introduced this celebrated system, and it is quite doubtful whether the next fifty years will give the world anything better for all purposes. But, as we have already said, this system is not at the present, nor is it probable that it soon will be, available for the greater part of American thoroughfares. Roads in this country must, from the nature of the case, be constructed of such materials as are available immediately along their lines, and must necessarily be more or less imperfect.

In this and in other countries the great enemy of roads is frost, and the only way to even partially prevent its ravages is to construct roads high enough to allow thorough drainage. The flat surfaces permitted on most roads in this country is their most radical defect. The result is rivers of mud in spring and autumn, and frozen ruts of indescribable ugliness and discomfort in winter until such time as the snow covers and fills them.

A few days' labor devoted to thorough ditching along the sides of the roads and elevating the centres where they have settled below the proper grade, would greatly mitigate the evils complained of. This is generally done, when done at all, by throwing back on the road the soil excavated from the ditches, a very erroneous method and almost a sheer waste of labor. Such soil is generally composed of comminuted and pulverised material washed off from the road, and will only temporarily pack. As soon as it becomes very dry in summer it grinds up into a dust heap, and is blown off by winds, and washed off again by rains.

All soil used to raise the level of roads should be new soil, not the washings of the roads, which latter should be carted away. Where roads are much travelled these washings are a valuable manure, and it would pay well to cart them into the lands lying along such roads, from which soil of inferior fertility might be taken to form the roadways.

Wherever practicable, a deep hard bed of stone or timber should be laid below the reach of frost, upon which the surface materials should be distributed. Gravel stands unrivalled for road surfaces, but it is not available in many localities. Broken stone, however, is obtainable oftentimes where gravel cannot be got, and answers the purpose very well.

We have seen a road laid through a swamp made with a bed of rough logs, well sunk down, and covered with a mixture of blue clay and broken stone, which was excellent in all respects, having almost as good and permanent a surface as macadam.

It is usual to work country roads early in the summer, to repair the defects caused by spring upheavels. This done, they are generally left till the ensuing season, when the same operation is repeated. But a little labor late in the fall would pay well on most roads. This labor should be expended in securing proper drainage. All sluices should be opened if stopped, the roads raised where the summer wear and tear have depressed them, and their surfaces made smooth, so that the water may run off with the utmost facility. Neglect in these particulars is always dearly paid for in the miring of teams and wagons, and in wear and tear of both animals and vehicles.—*Scientific American.*

Small Animals Gnawing Trees.

Every winter the agricultural journals contain inquiries as to a remedy to prevent mice and rabbits gnawing trees, and we have nearly annually answered them. Our remedy, which we have tried with success, has proved effectual in every instance in which it has been properly applied. It is to bandage the trees with any old cotton or woollen cloth, or very stiff paper will do—for mice eight or ten inches high will answer; for rabbits not less than two feet. The latter standing upright will reach up very nearly two feet, and as far as they can reach they will gnaw. The same cloth, if put away, will last for several years. Of course the bandaging must be well done and tied to the tree securely.

In gardens, where rabbits are sure to be found if there are any in the vicinity, a good protection is to feed them with cabbage-stalks, or decayed heads of cabbage, offals of ruta-bagas, carrots, &c., a supply of which is to be found on every farm. A "dead trap," baited with apple, will also clear a garden; but, if in a starving condition, a half dozen rabbits will destroy fifty young trees in a single night. One winter they not only injured several young pear trees for us, but nipped off the tender ends of certain shrubs as cleanly as if done with pruning shears. But, as we say, they are driven to this by starvation, when the ground is covered with snow.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Corn or Oats.

"I feed my horse well, but somehow he looks rough-coated and don't seem to do very well."

"What kind of provender do you give him?"

"Oats, and plenty of them."

That's what's the matter. Too many oats. Half the amount of oats and the rest in corn would, no doubt, work an improvement in him. We have found out that horses should not be fed entirely with oats for provender. They need something else. Give them corn or corn-meal part of the time, or a mixture of oats and corn, and see if they do not improve. And, by the way, don't forget to give him, twice a week, a mess of potatoes as a medicine.—*Country Gentleman.*

A Breed of Walking Horses.

What use are fast horses to farmers? Can they put them to work in the plough, harrow, cultivator, roller, reaping-machine, cart, or wagon? No. A storm might arise and the whole crop of hay be ruined, if they had to depend on 2 40 horses to haul it in. There is but one use that we can see that a farmer might put them to—sending for a doctor; but as farmers have very little occasion for this professional gentleman, and never get very sick, a slower and surer horse will answer better. Why then parade these horses at the head of the lists at Agricultural Fairs, and give them the biggest premiums? No wonder our practical farmers complain of this, while there is no premium at all for *walking* horses, which are more useful.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Home of the Jersey Cattle.

The area of the island of Jersey is about 28,717 English acres, it being 11 miles long by 6½ broad; population in 1861, 55,613, averaging about two persons per acre. The land around the south shore rents for £9 ($45) per acre; two or three miles distant, £6 to £7; while skirting the more distant coast, £4 to £6. The farms vary in size from 20 to 30 acres, there being but few above the latter. Cattle and horses are tethered in Jersey, as nothing is allowed to run loose; pigs are kept in walled pounds. Fences are rare on the island. Hedges are cultivated as shelter for fruit, an idea that some of our readers should note.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 1, 19, 9, 36, was a distinguished English chemist.
My 29, 5, 27, 7, was an English poet.
My 23, 7, 17, 19, is a town in Prussia noted for a heavy battle between the French and Prussians in 1806.
My 34, 36, 17, 1, 19, 35, 33, is a celebrated scientific man of the present day.
My 8, 16, 22, 17, 10, 35, 1, 33, was an English painter.
My 28, 10, 30, 8, 12, 13, was the first to observe a transit of Venus across the sun's disk.
My 4, 19, 21, 12, 34, was an English navigator.
My 18, 24, 32, 34, 28, 26, was a German poet.
My 2, 25, 31, 3, was an Egyptian goddess.
My 11, 24, 15, 14, is a person who holds to antiquated notions.
My 15, 9, 29, 20, 2, 7, 23, is a widely diffused nomadic race of people.
My whole is an important discovery of the eighteenth century.

Tiffin, Ohio. C. H. CRAMER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 7, 8, 11, 10, 5, is a lake.
My 3, 2, 9, is a boy's nickname.
My 1, 4, 6, is used in loading a gun.
My whole can be found in the Post.

DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

Riddle.

My 1st is in burn, but not in fire,
My 2d is in run, but not in tire;
My 3d is in old, but not in young,
My 4th is in *sing*, but not in tongue;
My 5th is in darkness, but not in *light*,
My 6th is in strength, but not in *might*;
My whole is a sweet and cherished name,
Dearer to me than wealth or fame.

GRACE MILLWOOD.

Kinston, N. C.

Algebraical Problem.

The first of two casks contains 30 gallons of wine, and the other contains 20 gallons of water. Five gallons are drawn from the second cask, and then five gallons are drawn from the first cask and poured into the second, and the deficiency in the first supplied with five gallons of water. Required—The quantity of *wine* in the second cask after 7 such operations as the one described above.

☞ Send answers to "Post," solutions to

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ What vine reminds us of No. 4. Ans.—Ivy (IV.)

☞ COX BY A SWITCH-TENDER.—Why is a railway accident like a dandy? Ans.—Because it's death on the Ties.

☞ Why is a prudent man like a pin? Ans.—His head prevents him from going too far.

☞ Why are worn-out clothes like children without parents? Ans.—Because they are left off 'uns.

☞ Why is the famous horse Dexter like a musical conductor? Ans.—Because he beats Time.

☞ When is the moon in a bad financial condition? Ans.—When she is in her last quarter.

☞ What is the best Sunday reading for political contractors? Ans.—The Book of Job.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—

"For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

ENIGMA—The Saturday Evening Post.

RECEIPTS.

WATER-PROOF BLACKING.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says he obtained the following recipe some years since from a manufacturer of water-proof boots in Liverpool, England. He has tried it on boots, both in salt and in fresh water. He uses it on harness, and finds it makes a good blacking. Two days after it is applied to leather, the leather will receive a polish from ordinary blacking. Take an old pair of India rubber shoes, (boots or any old India rubber,) cut them up and pull off the cloth-lining; put the rubber into about a pint of neat's-foot oil, and set it on the stove until the rubber is entirely melted, stirring it once in awhile. Don't let it boil or burn. It will take about two days to melt the rubber.

As soon as the rubber is melted, stir in one and a half pounds of beef or mutton-tallow, and one-half pound of beeswax. If it is not black enough, you may add a little lamp-black. To apply to the boots: Wash them clean of mud and blacking. When they are nearly dry, apply the water-proof all over them. If the weather is cold, work near the stove.

The best thing to use in applying this blacking is one's hands, and considerable elbow-grease to rub it well into the leather. Any one using this application to a pair of boots and then having wet feet, had best give the boots away and buy a new pair, or send the old ones and have the seams attended to.

TONGUES.—Hang tongues and beef for drying with the largest end highest. Then the small ends will not become so hard.

TO KEEP SAUSAGE FRESH.—Dip the bags in a strong solution of salt and water before filling them—when cold coat them over with melted lard.

GINGERBREAD PUDDING.—Take ½lb. suet, flour, bread-crumbs, and treacle; a tablespoonful of sugar; a teaspoonful of ginger. Mix, put into a mould, and boil four hours. Fruit or lemon chips may be added if wished.

LEMON FLAVORING.—When lemon juice is wanted without the rind, pare the latter off carefully, mince, and bottle it, filling up the bottle with brandy. It will be found very useful for flavoring cakes or puddings.

☞ "Young man, do you believe in a future state?" "In course I does—and what's more I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready."